GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

Joyce Gorsuch
Floss - Aunty

"IT LOOKS QUITE EASY. MAY I TRY TO DO IT?"

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

WITH INTRODUCTION
BY
ORTON LOWE

SIXTY ILLUSTRATIONS

WITH COLORED PLATES
By EDWIN JOHN PRITTIE

THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY
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THE VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR

ONE summer's morning a Tailor was sitting on his bench by the window in very good spirits, sewing away with all his might, and presently up the street came a peasant woman, crying, "Good preserves for sale. Good preserves for sale." This cry sounded nice in the Tailor's ears, and sticking his diminutive head out of the window he called out, "Here, my good woman, just bring your wares here." The woman mounted the three steps up to the Tailor's house with her heavy basket, and began to unpack all the pots together before him. He looked at them all, held them up to the light, put his nose to them, and at last said, "These preserves appear to me to be very nice, so you may weigh me out four half-ounces, my good woman; I don't mind even if you make it a quarter of a pound." The woman, who expected to have met with a good customer, gave him what he wished, and went away grumbling, very much dissatisfied.

"Now," exclaimed the Tailor, "Heaven will send me a blessing on this preserve, and give me fresh strength and vigour"; and taking the bread out of the cupboard he cut himself a slice the size of the whole loaf, and spread the preserve upon it. "That

will taste by no means bad," said he; "but, before I have a bite, I will just get this waistcoat finished." So he laid the bread down near him, and stitched away, making larger and larger stitches every time for joy. Meanwhile the smell of the preserve mounted to the ceiling, where flies were sitting in great numbers, and enticed them down, so that soon a regular swarm of them had settled on the bread. "Holloa, who invited you?" exclaimed the Tailor, hunting away the unbidden guests; but the flies, not understanding his language, would not be driven off, and came again in greater numbers than before. This put the little man in a boiling passion, and snatching up in his rage a rag of cloth he brought it down with an unmerciful swoop upon them. When he raised it again he counted no less than seven lying dead before him with outstretched legs. "What a fellow you are!" said he to himself, wondering at his own bravery. "The whole town shall know of this." In great haste he cut himself out a band, hemmed it, and then put on it in large characters, "SEVEN AT ONE BLOW." "Ah!" said he, "not one city alone, the whole world shall know it"; and his heart fluttered with joy, like a lambkin's tail.

The little Tailor bound the belt round his body, and prepared to travel forth into the wide world, thinking the workshop too small for his valiant deeds. Before he set out, however, he looked round his house to see if there was any thing he could take with him;

but he found only an old cheese, which he pocketed; and, remarking a bird before the door which was entangled in the bushes, he caught it and put that in his pocket also. Directly after he set out bravely on his travels; and, as he was light and active, he felt no weariness. His road led up a hill, and when he reached the highest point of it, he found a great Giant sitting there, who was looking about him very composedly!

The Giant read, "Seven at one blow."

The little Tailor, however, went boldly up, and said, "Good-day, comrade; in faith you sit there and see the whole world stretched below you. I am also on the road thither to try my luck. Have you a mind to go with me?"

The Giant looked contemptuously at the little Tailor and said, "You vagabond, you miserable fellow!"

"That may be," replied the Tailor; "but here you may read what sort of a man I am": and unbuttoning his coat he showed the Giant his belt. The Giant read, "Seven at one blow"; and thinking they were men whom the Tailor had slain, he conceived a little respect for him. Still he wished to prove him first, so taking up a stone he squeezed it in his hand so that water dropped out of it. "Do that after me," said he to the other, "if you have any strength."

"If it be nothing worse than that," said the Tailor, "that's play to me." And diving into his pocket, he brought out the cheese, and squeezed it till the whey ran out of it, and said, "Now I think that's a little better."

The Giant did not know what to say, and could not believe it of the little man; so, taking up another stone, he threw it so high that one could scarcely see it with the eye, saying, "There, you manikin, do that after me."

"Well done," said the Tailor; "but your stone must fall down again to the ground. I will throw one up which shall not come back": and dipping into his pocket he took out the bird and threw it into the air. The bird, rejoicing in its freedom, flew straight up, and then far away, and did not return. "How does that little affair please you, comrade?" asked the Tailor.

"You can throw well, certainly," replied the Giant; "now let us see if you are in trim to carry something out of the common." So saying, he led him to a huge oak-tree, which laid upon the ground, and said, "If you are strong enough, just help me to carry this tree out of the forest."

"With all my heart," replied the Tailor; "do you take the trunk upon your shoulder, and I will raise the boughs and branches, which are the heaviest, and carry them."

The Giant took the trunk upon his shoulder, but the Tailor placed himself on a branch, so that the Giant, who was not able to look round, was forced to carry the whole tree, and the Tailor besides. He, being behind, was very merry and chuckled at the trick, and presently began to whistle the song, "There rode three Tailors out at the gate," as if the carrying of trees were child's play. The Giant, after he had staggered along a short distance with his heavy burden, could go no further, and shouted out, "Do you hear? I must let the tree fall." The Tailor, springing down, quickly embraced the tree with both arms, as if he had been carrying it, and said to the Giant, "Are you such a big fellow, and yet cannot you carry this tree by yourself?"

Then they journeyed on farther, and as they came to a cherry tree the Giant seized the top of the tree where the ripest fruits hung, and bending it down gave it to the Tailor to hold, bidding him eat. But

the Tailor was much too weak to hold the tree down, and when the Giant let go, the tree flew up into the air, and the Tailor was carried with it. He came down on the other side, however, without injury, and the Giant said, "What does that mean? Have you not enough strength to hold that twig?" "My strength did not fail me," replied the Tailor; "do you suppose that that was any hard thing for one who has killed seven at one blow? I have sprung over the tree because the hunters were shooting below there in the thicket. Spring after me, if you can." The Giant made the attempt, but could not clear the tree, and stuck fast in the branches; so that in this affair, too, the Tailor was the better man.

After this the Giant said, "Since you are such a valiant fellow, come with me to our house and stop a night with us." The Tailor consented and followed him; and when they entered the cave, there sat by the fire two other Giants, each having a roast sheep in his hand, of which he was eating. The Tailor sat down, thinking, "Ah, this is much more like the world than is my work-shop." And soon the Giant showed him a bed where he might lie down and go to sleep. The bed, however, was too big for him, so he slipped out of it and crept into a corner. When midnight came, and the Giant thought the Tailor would be in a deep sleep, he got up, and taking a great iron bar, beat the bed right through at one stroke, and supposed he had thereby given the Tailor his death-blow. At the earli-

est dawn of morning the Giants went forth into the forest, quite forgetting the Tailor, when presently up he came, quite merry, and showed himself before them. The Giants were terrified, and, fearing he would kill them all, they ran away in great haste.

The Tailor journeyed on, always following his nose, and after he had wandered some long distance, he came into the courtyard of a royal palace, and as he felt rather tired he laid himself down on the grass and went to sleep. Whilst he lay there, the people came and viewed him on all sides, and read upon his belt, "Seven at one blow." "Ah!" said they, "what does this great warrior here in time of peace! This must be some mighty hero." So they went and told the King, thinking that, should war break out, here was an important and useful man whom one ought not to part with at any price. The King took counsel, and sent one of his courtiers to the Tailor to ask for his fighting services, if he should be awake. The messenger stopped at the sleeper's side, and waited till he stretched out his limbs and opened his eyes, and then he laid before him his message. "Solely on that account did I come here," was the reply; "I am quite ready to enter into the King's service." Then he was conducted away with great honour, and a fine house was appointed him to dwell in.

The courtiers, however, became jealous of the Tailor, and wished he was a thousand miles away. "What will happen?" said they one to another. "If

we go to battle with him, when he strikes out, seven will fall at every blow, so that no one of us will be left!" In their rage they came to a resolution to resign, and they went all together to the King, and asked his permission, saying, "We are not prepared to keep company with a man who kills seven at one blow." The King was grieved to lose all his faithful servants for the sake of one, and wished that he had never seen the Tailor; and would willingly have now been rid of him. He dared not, however, dismiss him, because he feared the Tailor would kill him and all his subjects, and place himself upon the throne. For a long time he deliberated, till at last he came to a decision; and, sending for the Tailor, he told him that seeing he was so great an hero, he wished to make a request of him: "In a certain forest in my kingdom," said the King, "there live two Giants, who, by murder, rapine, fire, and robbery, have committed great havoc, and no one dares to approach them without perilling his own life. If you overcome and kill both these Giants I will give you my only daughter in marriage, and the half of my kingdom for a dowry: a hundred knights shall accompany you, too, in order to render you assistance."

"Ah! that is something for such a man as I," thought the Tailor to himself; "a beautiful princess and half a kingdom are not offered to one every day." "Oh, yes," he replied, "I will soon manage these two Giants, and a hundred horsemen are not necessary

for that purpose; he who kills seven at one blow, need not fear two."

Thus talking, the little Tailor set out followed by the hundred knights, to whom he said, as soon as they came to the borders of the forest, "Do you stay here; I would rather meet these Giants alone." Then off he sprang into the forest, peering about him right and left; and after awhile he saw the two Giants lying asleep under a tree, snoring so loudly that the branches above them shook violently. The Tailor, full of courage, filled both his pockets with stones, and clambered up the tree. When he got to the middle of it, he crept along a bough, so that he sat just above the sleepers, and then he let fall one stone after another upon the breast of one of them. For some time the Giant did not stir, until, at last awakening, he pushed his companion and said, "Why are you beating me?"

"You are dreaming," he replied; "I never hit you." They laid themselves down again to sleep, and presently the Tailor threw a stone down upon the other. "What is that?" he exclaimed. "What are you knocking me for?"

"I did not touch you; you must dream," replied the first. In a little while they sank down again to sleep, and because they were very tired they soon shut their eyes again. Then the Tailor began his sport again, and, picking out the biggest stone, threw it with all his force upon the breast of the first Giant.

"That is too bad," he exclaimed; and springing up like a madman, he fell upon his companion, who, reckoning with equal measure, they set to in such good earnest that they rooted up trees, and beat one another until they both fell dead upon the ground. Now the Tailor jumped down, saying, "What a piece of luck they did not uproot the tree on which I sat, or else I must have jumped on another like a squirrel, for I am not given to flying." Then he drew his sword, and, cutting a deep wound in the breast of each, he went to the horsemen and said, "The deed is done; I have given each his death-stroke; but it was a hard job, for in their necessity they have uprooted trees to defend themselves with; still all that is no use when such an one as I come, who kill seven at every stroke."

"Are you not wounded, then?" asked they.

"That is not to be expected; they have not touched a hair of my head," replied the little man. The knights could scarcely believe him, and so, riding away into the forest, they found the Giants lying in their blood, and the uprooted trees around them.

Now the Tailor desired his promised reward of the King; but he repented of his promise, and began to think of some new scheme to get rid of the hero. "Before you receive my daughter and the half of my kingdom," said he to him, "you must perform one other heroic deed. In the forest there runs wild an unicorn, which commits great havoc, and whom you must first of all catch."

"I fear still less for an unicorn than I do for two Giants! Seven at one blow! that is my motto," said the Tailor. Then he took with him a rope and an axe, and went away to the forest, bidding those who were ordered to accompany him to wait on the outskirts. He had not to search long, for presently the unicorn came near and prepared to rush at him, as if he would pierce him on the spot. "Softly, softly," he exclaimed; "that is not done so easily"; and, waiting till the animal was close upon him, he sprang nimbly behind a tree. The unicorn, rushing with all its force against the tree, fixed its horn so fast in the trunk that it could not draw it out again, and so it was made prisoner. "Now I have got my bird," said the Tailor; and coming from behind the tree, he first bound the rope around its neck, and then, cutting the horn out of the tree with his axe, he put all in order; and. leading the animal. brought it before the King.

The King, however, would not yet deliver up the promised reward, and making a third request, that before the wedding the Tailor should catch a wild boar which did much injury, and he should have the huntsmen to help him. "With pleasure," was the reply; "it is mere child's play." The huntsmen, however, he left behind; and they were overjoyed to be there, for this wild boar had already so often hunted them that they had no pleasure in hunting it. As soon as the boar perceived the Tailor, it ran at him

with gaping mouth and glistening teeth, and tried to throw him on the ground; but our flying hero sprang into a little chapel which was near, and out again at a window on the other side in a trice. The boar ran after him, but he, skipping round, shut the door behind it, and there the raging beast was caught, for it was much too unwieldy and heavy to jump out of the window. The Tailor now called the huntsmen up, that they might see his prisoner with their own eyes; but our hero presented himself before the King, who was compelled now, whether he would or no, to keep his promise, and surrender his daughter and the half of his kingdom.

Had he known that it was no warrior, but only a Tailor, who stood before him, it would have gone to his heart still more!

So the wedding was celebrated with great splendour, though with little rejoicing, and out of a Tailor was made a King.

Some little while afterwards the young Queen heard her husband talking in his sleep, and saying, "Boy, make me a waistcoat, and stitch up these trousers, or I will lay the yard measure over your ears!" Then she remarked of what condition her lord was, and complained in the morning to her father, and begged he would deliver her from her husband, who was nothing else than a tailor. The King comforted her by saying, "This night leave your chamber

door open; my servants shall stand without, and when he is asleep they shall enter, bind him, and bear him away to a ship which shall carry him forth into the wide world." The wife was contented with his proposal, but the King's armour-bearer, who had overheard all, went to the young King and disclosed the whole plot. "I will shoot a bolt upon this affair," said the brave Tailor. In the evening, at their usual time, they went to bed, and when his wife believed he slept she got up, opened the door, and laid herself down again. The Tailor, however, only feigned to be asleep, and began to exclaim in a loud voice, "Boy, make me this waistcoat and stitch up these trousers, or I will beat the yard-measure about your ears! Seven have I killed with one blow, two Giants have I slain, an unicorn have I led captive, and a wild boar have I caught; and shall I be afraid of those who stand without my chamber?" When these men heard these words spoken by the Tailor, a great fear overcame them, and they ran away as if the wild huntsmen were behind them; neither afterwards durst any man venture to oppose him. Thus became the Tailor a King, and so he remained the rest of his days.

LITTLE SNOW-WHITE

A Queen sat at her palace window.

ONCE upon a time in the middle of winter, when the flakes of snow were falling like feathers from the clouds, a Queen sat at her palace window, which had an ebony black frame, stitching her husband's shirts. While she was thus engaged and looking out at the snow she pricked her finger, and three drops of blood fell upon the snow. Now the red looked so well upon the white that she thought to herself, "Oh, that I had a child as white as this snow, as red as this blood, and as black as the wood of this frame!" Soon afterwards a little daughter came to her, who was as white as snow, and with cheeks as red as blood, and with hair as black as ebony, and from this she was named "Snow-White." And at the same time her mother died.

About a year afterwards the King married another wife, who was very beautiful, but so proud and haughty that she could not bear anyone to be better-looking than herself. She owned a wonderful mirror, and when she stepped before it and said:

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?"

it replied:

"The Queen is the fairest of the day."

Then she was pleased, for she knew that the mirror spoke truly.

Little Snow-White, however, grew up, and became prettier and prettier, and when she was seven years old she was as fair as the noonday, and more beautiful than the Queen herself. When the Queen now asked her mirror:

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?"

it replied:

"The Queen was fairest yesterday;
Snow-White is the fairest, now, they say."

This answer so angered the Queen that she became quite yellow with envy. From that hour, whenever she saw Snow-White, her heart was hardened against her, and she hated the little girl. Her envy and jealousy increased so that she had no rest day or night, and she said to a Huntsman, "Take the child away into the forest. I will never look upon her again. You must

kill her, and bring me her heart and tongue for a token."

The Huntsman listened and took the maiden away, but when he drew out his knife to kill her, she began to cry, saying, "Ah, dear Huntsman, give me my life! I will run into the wild forest, and never come home again."

This speech softened the Hunter's heart, and her beauty so touched him that he had pity on her and said, "Well, run away then, poor child." But he thought to himself, "The wild beasts will soon devour you." Still he felt as if a stone had been lifted from his heart, because her death was not by his hand. Just at that moment a young boar came roaring along to the spot, and as soon as he clapped eyes upon it the Huntsman caught it, and, killing it, took its tongue and heart and carried them to the Queen, for a token of his deed.

But now poor little Snow-White was left motherless and alone, and overcome with grief, she was bewildered at the sight of so many trees, and knew not which way to turn. She ran till her feet refused to go farther, and as it was getting dark, and she saw a little house near, she entered in to rest. In this cottage everything was very small, but very neat and elegant. In the middle stood a little table with a white cloth over it, and seven little plates upon it, each plate having a spoon and a knife and a fork, and there were also seven little mugs. Against the wall were

seven little beds arranged in a row, each covered with snow-white sheets.

Little Snow-White, being both hungry and thirsty, ate a little morsel of porridge out of each plate, and drank a drop or two of wine out of each mug, for she did not wish to take away the whole share of anyone. After that, because she was so tired, she laid herself down on one bed, but it did not suit; she tried another, but that was too long; a fourth was too short, a fifth too hard. But the seventh was just the thing; and tucking herself up in it, she went to sleep, first saying her prayers as usual.

"Who has been eating off my plate?"

When it became quite dark the owners of the cottage came home, seven Dwarfs, who dug for gold and silver in the mountains. They first lighted seven little lamps, and saw at once—for they lit up the whole room—that somebody had been in, for everything was not in the order in which they had left it.

The first asked, "Who has been sitting on my chair?" The second, "Who has been eating off my plate?" The third said, "Who has been nibbling at my bread?" The fourth, "Who has been at my por-

ridge?" The fifth, "Who has been meddling with my fork?" The sixth grumbled out, "Who has been cutting with my knife?" The seventh said, "Who has been drinking out of my mug?"

Then the first, looking round, began again, "Who has been lying on my bed?" he asked, for he saw that the sheets were tumbled. At these words the others came, and looking at their beds cried out too, "Some one has been lying in our beds!" But the seventh little man, running up to his, saw Snow-White sleeping in it; so he called his companions, who shouted with wonder and held up their seven lamps, so that the light fell upon the little girl.

"Oh, heavens! oh, heavens!" said they; "what a beauty she is!" and they were so much delighted that they would not awaken her, but left her to sleep, and the seventh Dwarf, in whose bed she was, slept with each of his fellows one hour, and so passed the night.

As soon as morning dawned Snow-White awoke, and was quite frightened when she saw the seven little men; but they were very friendly, and asked her what she was called.

"My name is Snow-White," was her reply.

"Why have you come into our cottage?" they asked.

Then she told them how her stepmother would have had her killed, but the Huntsman had spared her life, and how she had wandered about the whole day until at last she had found their house.

When her tale was finished the Dwarfs said, "Will you look after our household—be our cook, make the beds, wash, sew, and knit for us, and keep everything in neat order? If so, we will keep you here, and you shall want for nothing."

And Snow-White answered, "Yes, with all my heart and will." And so she remained with them, and kept their house in order.

In the morning the Dwarfs went into the mountains and searched for silver and gold, and in the evening they came home and found their meals ready for them. During the day the maiden was left alone, and therefore the good Dwarfs warned her and said, "Be careful of your stepmother, who will soon know of your being here. So let nobody enter the cottage."

The Queen meanwhile, supposing that she had eaten the heart and tongue of her step-daughter, believed that she was now above all the most beautiful woman in the world. One day she stepped before her mirror, and said:

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?"

and it replied:

"The Queen was fairest yesterday;
Snow-White is fairest now, they say.
The Dwarfs protect her from thy sway
Amid the forest, far away."

This reply surprised her, but she knew that the mirror spoke the truth. She knew, therefore, that the Hunts-

man had deceived her, and that Snow-White was still alive. So she dyed her face and clothed herself as a peddler woman, so that no one could recognize her, and in this disguise she went over the seven hills to the house of the seven Dwarfs. She knocked at the door of the hut, and called out, "Fine goods for sale! beautiful goods for sale!"

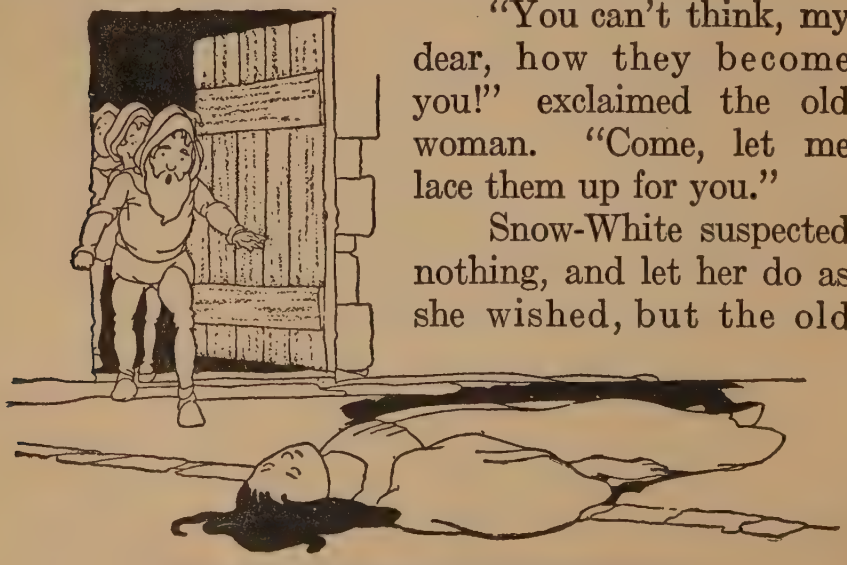
Snow-White peeped out of the window and said, "Good day, my good woman; what have you to sell?"

"Fine goods, beautiful goods!" she replied. "Stays of all colors." And she held up a pair which were made of many-colored silks.

"This woman looks honest enough; surely I may let her in," thought Snow-White; and she unbolted the door and bargained for one pair of stays.

"You can't think, my dear, how they become you!" exclaimed the old woman. "Come, let me lace them up for you."

Snow-White suspected nothing, and let her do as she wished, but the old



Not moving or breathing—as if she were dead.

woman laced her up so quickly and so tightly that all her breath went, and she fell down like one dead. "Now," thought the old woman to herself, hastening away, "now am I once more the most beautiful of all!"

At eventide, not long after she had left, the seven Dwarfs came home, and were much frightened at seeing their dear little maid lying on the ground, and neither moving nor breathing, as if she were dead. They raised her up, and when they saw that she was laced too tight they cut the stays to pieces, and presently she began to breathe again, and little by little she revived. When the Dwarfs now heard what had taken place, they said, "The old peddler woman was no other than your wicked stepmother. Take more care of yourself, and let no one enter when we are not with you."

Meanwhile, the Queen had reached home, and, going before her mirror, she repeated her usual words:

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?"

and it replied as before:

"The Queen was fairest yesterday;
Snow-White is fairest now, they say.
The Dwarfs protect her from thy sway
Amid the forest, far away."

As soon as it had finished, all her blood rushed to her heart, for she was so angry to hear that Snow-White was yet living. "But now," thought she to

herself, "will I make something which shall destroy her completely." Thus saying, she made a poisoned comb by arts which she understood, and then, disguising herself, she took the form of an old widow. She went over the seven hills to the house of the seven Dwarfs, and knocking at the door, called out, "Good wares to sell to-day!"

"But still you may look."

Snow-White peeped out and said, "You must go farther, for I dare not let you in."

"But still you may look," said the old woman, drawing out her poisoned comb and holding it up. The sight of this pleased the maiden so much that she allowed herself to be persuaded, and opened the door. As soon as she had bought something the old woman said, "Now let me for once comb your hair properly," and Snow-White consented. But scarcely was the comb drawn through the hair when the poison began to work, and the maiden fell down senseless.

"You pattern of beauty," cried the wicked Queen,

"it is now all over with you." And so saying, she departed.

Fortunately, evening soon came, and the seven Dwarfs returned, and as soon as they saw Snow-White lying, like dead, upon the ground, they suspected the Queen, and discovering the poisoned comb, they immediately drew it out. Then the maiden very soon revived and told them all that had happened. So again they warned her against the wicked stepmother, and bade her open the door to nobody.

Meanwhile the Queen, on her arrival home, had again consulted her mirror, and received the same answer as twice before. This made her tremble and foam with rage and jealousy, and she swore that Snow-White should die if it cost her her own life. Thereupon she went into an inner secret chamber where no one could enter, and made an apple of the most deep and subtle poison. Outwardly it looked nice enough, and had rosy cheeks which would make the mouth of everyone who looked at it water; but whoever ate the smallest piece of it would surely die. As soon as the apple was ready the Queen again dyed her face, and clothed herself like a peasant's wife, and then over the seven mountains to the house of the seven Dwarfs she made her way.

She knocked at the door, and Snow-White stretched out her head and said, "I dare not let anyone enter; the seven Dwarfs have forbidden me."

"That is hard on me," said the old woman, "for I must take back my apples; but there is one which I will give you."

"No," answered Snow-White; "no, I dare not take it."

"What! are you afraid of it?" cried the old woman. "There, see—I will cut the apple in halves; do you eat the red cheeks, and I will eat the core." (The apple was so artfully made that the red cheeks alone were poisoned.) Snow-White very much wished for the beautiful apple, and when she saw the woman eating the core she could no longer resist, but, stretching out her hand, took the poisoned part. Scarcely had she placed a piece in her mouth when she fell down dead upon the ground. Then the Queen, looking at her with glittering eyes, exclaimed, "White as snow, red as blood, black as ebony! This time the Dwarfs cannot reawaken you."

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?"

When she reached home and consulted her mirror—

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?"

it answered:

"The Queen is fairest of the day."

Then her envious heart was at rest, as peacefully as an envious heart can rest.

When the little Dwarfs returned home in the evening they found Snow-White lying on the ground, and there appeared to be no life in her body; she seemed to be quite dead. They raised her up, and tried if they could find anything poisonous. They unlaced her, and even uncombed her hair, and washed her with water and with wine. But nothing availed: the dear child was really and truly dead.

Then they laid her upon a bier, and all seven placed themselves around it, and wept and wept for three days without ceasing. Then they prepared to bury her. But she looked still fresh and life-like, and even her red cheeks had not deserted her, so they said to one another, "We cannot bury her in the black ground." Then they ordered a case to be made of glass. In this they could see the body on all sides, and the Dwarfs wrote her name with golden letters upon the glass, saying that she was a King's daughter. Now they placed the glass case upon the ledge on a rock, and one of them always remained by it watching. Even the birds bewailed the loss of Snow-White; first came an owl, then a raven, and last of all a dove.

For a long time Snow-White lay peacefully in her case, and changed not, but looked as if she were only asleep, for she was still white as snow, red as blood, and black-haired as ebony. By and by it happened that a King's son was traveling in the forest, and came

to the Dwarfs' house to pass the night. He soon saw the glass case upon the rock, and the beautiful maiden lying within, and he read also the golden inscription.

When he had examined it, he said to the Dwarfs, "Let me have this case, and I will pay what you like for it."

But the Dwarfs replied, "We will not sell it for all the gold in the world."

"Then give it to me," said the Prince; "for I cannot live without Snow-White. I will honor and protect her as long as I live."

When the Dwarfs saw that he was so much in earnest, they pitied him, and at last gave him the case, and the Prince ordered it to be carried away on the shoulders of his attendants. Presently it happened that they stumbled over a rut, and with the shock the piece of poisoned apple which lay in Snow-White's mouth fell out. Very soon she opened her eyes, and raising the lid of the glass case, she rose up and asked, "Where am I?"

Full of joy, the Prince answered, "You are safe with me." And he told to her what she had suffered, and how he would rather have her than any other for his wife, and he asked her to accompany him home to the castle of the King his father. Snow-White consented, and when they arrived there they were married with great splendor and magnificence.

Snow-White's stepmother was also invited to the wedding, and when she was dressed in all her finery

to go, she first stepped in front of her mirror and asked:

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?"

and it replied:

"The Queen was fairest yesterday;
The Prince's bride is now, they say."

At these words the Queen was in a fury, and was so terribly mortified that she knew not what to do with herself. At first she resolved not to go to the wedding, but she could not resist the wish to see the Princess. So she went; but as soon as she saw the bride she recognized Snow-White, and was so terrified with rage and astonishment that she rushed out of the castle and was never heard of again.

She rushed out of the castle.

HANSEL AND GRETEL

ONCE upon a time there dwelt near a large wood a poor wood cutter with his wife and two children by his former marriage, a little boy called Hansel, and a girl named Gretel. He had little enough to break or bite, and once, when there was a great famine in the land, he could not procure even his daily bread; and as he lay thinking in his bed one evening, rolling about for trouble, he sighed, and said to his wife, "What will become of us? How can we feed our children when we have no more than we can eat ourselves?"

"Know, then, my husband," answered she, "we will lead them away quite early in the morning into the thickest part of the wood, and there make them a fire, and give them each a little piece of bread; then we will go to our work and leave them alone, so they will not find the way home again, and we shall be freed from them." "No, wife," replied he, "that I can never do; how can you bring your heart to leave my children all alone in the wood, for the wild beasts will soon come and tear them to pieces?"

"Oh, you simpleton!" said she, "then we must all four die of hunger; you had better plane the coffins for us." But she left him no peace till he consented, saying, "Ah, but I shall regret the poor children."

The two children, however, had not gone to sleep for very hunger, and so they overheard what the stepmother said to their father. Gretel wept bitterly, and said to Hansel, "What will become of us?" "Be quiet, Gretel," said he; "do not cry, I will soon help you." And as soon as their parents had fallen asleep, he got up, put on his coat, and, unbarring the backdoor, slipped out. The moon shone brightly, and the white pebbles which lay before the door seemed like silver pieces, they glittered so brightly. Hansel stooped down, and put as many into his pocket as it would hold, and then going back he said to Gretel, "Be comforted, dear sister, and sleep in peace; God will not forsake us"; and so saying he went to bed again.

The next morning, before the sun arose, the wife went and awoke the two children. "Get up, you lazy things; we are going into the forest to chop wood." Then she gave them each a piece of bread, saying, "There is something for your dinner; do not eat it before the time, for you will get nothing else." Gretel took the bread in her apron, for Hansel's pocket was full of pebbles; and so they all set out upon their way. When they had gone a little distance Hansel stood still and peeped back at the house; and this he repeated several times, till his father said, "Hansel, what are you peeping at, and why do you lag behind? Take care, and remember your legs."

"Ah! father," said Hansel, "I am looking at my white cat sitting upon the roof of the house, and try-

ing to say good-bye." "You simpleton!" said the wife, "that is not a cat; it is only the sun shining on the white chimney." But in reality Hansel was not looking at a cat; but every time he stopped he dropped a pebble out of his pocket upon the path.

When they came to the middle of the wood the father told the children to collect wood, and he would make them a fire, so that they should not be cold; so Hansel and Gretel gathered together quite a little mountain of twigs. Then they set fire to them, and as the flame burnt up high the wife said, "Now, you children, lie down near the fire and rest yourselves, whilst we go into the forest and chop wood; when we are ready, I will come and call you."

Hansel and Gretel sat down by the fire, and when it was noon each ate the piece of bread, and, because they could hear the blows of an axe, they thought their father was near; but it was not an axe, but a branch which he had bound to a withered tree, so as to be blown to and fro by the wind. They waited so long that at last their eyes closed from weariness, and they fell fast asleep. When they awoke it was quite dark, and Gretel began to cry: "How shall we get out of the wood?" But Hansel tried to comfort her by saying, "Wait a little while till the moon rises, and then we will quickly find the way." The moon soon shone forth, and Hansel, taking his sister's hand, followed the pebbles, which glittered like new-coined silver pieces, and showed them the path. All night long

they walked on, and as day broke they came to their father's house. They knocked at the door, and when the wife opened it, and saw Hansel and Gretel, she exclaimed, "You wicked children! why did you sleep so long in the wood? We thought you were never coming home again." But their father was very glad, for it had grieved his heart to leave them all alone.

Not long afterwards there was again great scarcity in every corner of the land; and one night the children overheard their mother saying to their father, "Everything is again consumed; we have only half a loaf left, and then the song is ended: the children must be sent away. We will take them deeper into the wood, so that they may not find the way out again; it is the only means of escape for us."

But her husband felt heavy at heart, and thought, "It were better to share the last crust with the children." His wife, however, would listen to nothing that he said, and scolded and reproached him without end.

He who says A must say B too; and he who consents the first time must also the second.

The children, however, had heard the conversation as they lay awake, and as soon as the old people went to sleep Hansel got up, intending to pick up some pebbles as before; but the wife had locked the door, so that he could not get out. Nevertheless he comforted Gretel, saying, "Do not cry; sleep in quiet; the good God will not forsake us."

Early in the morning the stepmother came and pulled them out of bed, and gave them each a slice of bread, which was still smaller than the former piece. On the way Hansel broke his in his pocket, and stopping every now and then, dropped a crumb upon the path. "Hansel, why do you stop and look about?" said the father. "Keep in the path." "I am looking at my little dove," answered Hansel, "nodding a good-bye to me." "Simpleton!" said the wife, "that is no dove, but only the sun shining on the chimney." So Hansel still kept dropping crumbs as he went along.

The mother led the children deep into the wood, where they had never been before, and there making an immense fire she said to them, "Sit down here and rest, and when you feel tired you can sleep for a little while. We are going into the forest to hew wood, and in the evening, when we are ready, we will come and fetch you."

When noon came Gretel shared her bread with Hansel, who had strewn his on the path. Then they went to sleep; but the evening arrived, and no one came to visit the poor children, and in the dark night they awoke, and Hansel comforted his sister by saying, "Only wait, Gretel, till the moon comes out, then we shall see the crumbs of bread which I have dropped, and they will show us the way home." The moon shone and they got up, but they could not see any crumbs, for the thousands of birds which had been flying about in the woods and fields had picked them

all up. Hansel kept saying to Gretel, "We will soon find the way"; but they did not, and they walked the whole night long and the next day, but still they did not come out of the wood; and they got so hungry, for they had nothing to eat but the berries which they found upon the bushes. Soon they got so tired that they could not drag themselves along, so they laid down under a tree and went to sleep.

It was now the third morning since they had left their father's house and they still walked on; but they only got deeper and deeper into the wood, and Hansel saw that if help did not come very soon they would die of hunger. As soon as it was noon they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting upon a bough, which sang so sweetly that they stood still and listened to it. It soon left off, and spreading its wings flew off; and they followed it until it arrived at a cottage, upon the roof of which it perched; and when they went close up to it they saw that the cottage was made of bread and cakes, and the window panes were of clear sugar.

"We will go in there," said Hansel, "and have a glorious feast. I will eat a piece of the roof, and you can eat the window. Will they not be sweet?" So Hansel reached up and broke a piece off the roof, in order to see how it tasted; while Gretel stepped up to the window and began to bite it. Then a sweet voice called out in the room, "Tip-tap, tip-tap, who raps at my door?" and the children answered, "The wind, the wind, the child of heaven"; and they went on eating

without interruption. Hansel thought the roof tasted very nice, and so he tore off a great piece; while Gretel broke a large round pane out of the window, and sat down quite contentedly. Just then the door opened, and a very old woman, walking upon crutches, came out. Hansel and Gretel were so frightened that they let fall what they had in their hands; but the old woman, nodding her head, said, "Ah, you dear children, what has brought you here? Come in and stop with me, and no harm shall befall you"; and so saying she took them both by the hand, and led them into her cottage. A good meal of milk and pancakes, with sugar, apples, and nuts, was spread on the table, and in the back room were two nice little beds, covered with white, where Hansel and Gretel laid themselves down, and thought themselves in heaven. The old woman had behaved very kindly to them, but in reality she was a wicked witch who waylaid children, and built the bread-house in order to entice them in; but as soon as they were in her power she killed them, cooked and ate them, and made a great festival of the

A very old woman came out.

day. Witches have red eyes, and cannot see very far; but they have a fine sense of smelling, like wild beasts, so that they know when children approach them. When Hansel and Gretel came near the witch's house she laughed wickedly, saying, "Here come two who shall not escape me." And early in the morning, before they awoke, she went up to them, and saw how lovingly they lay sleeping, with their chubby red cheeks; and she mumbled to herself, "That will be a good bite." Then she took up Hansel with her rough hand, and shut him up in a little cage with a lattice-door; and although he screamed loudly it was of no use. Gretel came next, and, shaking her till she awoke, she said, "Get up, you lazy thing, and fetch some water to cook something good for your brother, who must remain in that stall and get fat; when he is fat enough I shall eat him." Gretel began to cry, but it was all useless, for the old witch made her do as she wished. So a nice meal was cooked for Hansel, but Gretel got nothing else but a crab's claw.

Every morning the old witch came to the cage and said, "Hansel, stretch your finger that I may feel whether you are getting fat." But Hansel used to stretch out a bone, and the old woman, having very bad sight, thought it was his finger, and wondered very much that it did not get fat. When four weeks had passed, and Hansel still kept quite lean, she lost all her patience and would not wait any longer. "Gretel," she called out in a passion, "get

some water quickly; be Hansel fat or lean, this morning I will kill and cook him." Oh, how the poor little sister grieved, as she was forced to fetch the water, and how fast the tears ran down her cheeks! "Dear good God, help us now!" she exclaimed. "Had we only been eaten by the wild beasts in the wood then we should have died together." But the old witch called out, "Leave off that noise; it will not help you a bit."

So early in the morning Gretel was forced to go out and fill the kettle, and make a fire. "First we will bake, however," said the old woman; "I have already heated the oven and kneaded the dough"; and so saying she pushed poor Gretel up to the oven, out of which the flames were burning fiercely. "Creep in," said the witch, "and see if it is hot enough, and then we will put in the bread"; but she intended when Gretel got in to shut up the oven and let her bake, so that she might eat her as well as Hansel. Gretel perceived what her thoughts were, and said, "I do not know how to do it; how shall I get in?" "You stupid goose," said she, "the opening is big enough. See, I could even get in myself!" and she got up and put her head into the oven. Then Gretel gave her a push, so that she fell right in, and then shutting the iron door she bolted it. Oh! how horribly she howled; but Gretel ran away, and left the ungodly witch to burn to ashes.

Now she ran to Hansel, and, opening his door,

"Stretch your finger that I may feel if you are getting fat."

THE FOUR ACCOMPLISHED BROTHERS

ONCE upon a time there was a Man who had four sons, and when they were grown up young men he told them one day that they must push their own way in the world, for he had nothing to give them, and so they must go among strangers and each learn a different trade, till they were perfect. The four Brothers, therefore, took their walking staffs, and, after bidding their father good bye, set out from their own door. After they had traveled some distance, they came to a point where four cross-roads met. "Here we must separate," said the eldest brother; "but in four years' time we will meet again in this place, and recount our several fortunes."

Each Brother, therefore, went his way; and soon the eldest met a man, who inquired of him his business and destination. "I wish to learn a trade!" he replied. "Then come with me!" said the man, "and become a Thief." "No!" replied the other; "that is not an honourable employment; and, besides, the end of that song is that one gets used like the clapper in a bell." "Oh, you need not fear the gallows!" said the Thief. "I will teach you so that nobody shall ever be able to catch you or find any trace of you." Thereupon the man let himself be persuaded, and became,

under the other's teaching, such an accomplished Thief that nothing was safe which he set his mind on having.

Meanwhile the second Brother had met a man who had asked the very same questions as the first one did; and, when he was told what the business was, he invited the youth to become a Star-gazer. "There is nothing better than that," he said, "for nothing is hid from you." The third Brother was taken in hand by a Huntsman, and received such capital instructions in all the branches of the art of shooting that he became quite a renowned marksman. On leaving, his master presented him with a gun, which he said would never miss, for whatever he

He invited the youth to become a Star-gazer.

aimed at it was sure to hit. The youngest Brother had meanwhile met a Tailor, and was asked whether he would not like that trade. "I am not so sure about that," replied the youth; "for the sitting cross-legged from morning to night, the continual stitching backwards and forwards of the needle, and a tailor's goose, are not altogether to my mind." "There, there!" cried the man, "you are talking about what you do not understand; you will learn quite a different sort of tailoring with me, and one which is very honourable in its way, besides being easy and handsome!" The youth was overpersuaded with these representations, and, accompanying his new friend, he learnt the tailoring trade from its very basis. At leaving, his master gave him a needle, and told him that he could sew together with that whatever he pleased, even if it were as tender as an egg-shell or as hard as steel, and not even a seam would be perceivable to any one after he had done it.

When the four years had passed over, the four Brothers arrived all together at the same time at the cross-ways, and, after embracing and kissing each other, returned home to their Father. "Ah!" he cried, when he saw them come in, "so the wind has blown you back again!" and thereupon they related all their adventures, and said they had each learnt a trade. While they were telling their tales they sat under a great tree, and, as soon as they had done, their Father said he would now put their accomplishments to the test

So he looked up, and then said to his second son, "At the top of this tree, between two boughs, there is a bullfinch's nest; now tell me how many eggs there are in it." The Star-gazer took his glass, and, looking through it, said there were five eggs. "Fetch the nest down without disturbing the mother bird, who is sitting on the eggs," said the Father then to his eldest son. The clever Thief climbed up the tree, and took the five eggs from underneath the body of the bird without disturbing or frightening her, and brought them to his Father. The Father took them, and laying one at each corner of a table placed the fifth in the middle, and told the Huntsman to cut them all in halves at one shot. He aimed his gun, and at the first trial the five eggs were shot as his Father wished;—and surely he must have a good charge of powder who shoots round a corner. "Now it is your turn," said the old Man to his other son; "do you sew the egg-shells together, and also the young birds which were in them, in such a manner that the shot may not appear to have injured them." The Tailor produced his needle, and soon did what was expected of him, and, when he had finished, the Thief had to carry the eggs back to the nest, and lay them again under the bird without being perceived by it. This he did, and the old bird hatched her eggs in a couple of days afterwards, and the young ones had a red streak round their neck where the Tailor had joined them together.

When his sons had done all these wonderful things,

the Father said to them, "Well, you have certainly used your time well, and learnt what is very useful, and for this I must praise you in green clover, as the saying goes; but I cannot tell which of you ought to have the preference, and so that must be left to be seen when an opportunity occurs of displaying your talents publicly."

Not long after this a great lamentation was made in the country because the King's daughter had been carried away by a Dragon. Her father was overcome with grief all day and night long, and caused it to be proclaimed that whoever should rescue the Princess should have her for his wife. The four Brothers thereupon thought this was the opportunity they needed, and agreed to go together and deliver the Princess and show their talents. "I will soon discover where she is!" cried the Star-gazer, and, peeping through his telescope, he said, "I can see her already; she is on a rock in the midst of the sea far away from here, and watched by the Dragon." Then he went to the King, and requested a ship for himself and his Brothers, in which they sailed over the sea till they came near the rock. The Princess observed their arrival, but the Dragon was fast asleep, with his head in her lap. "I dare not shoot!" said the Hunter, when he saw them, "for fear I should kill the Princess as well as the Dragon." "Then I will try my remedy!" said the Thief; and, slipping away, he stole the Princess out of the power of the Dragon, but so lightly and

cunningly that the monster noticed nothing, but snored on. Full of joy, they hurried with her down to the ship, and steered away to the open sea; but the Dragon, soon awaking, missed the Princess, and came flying through the air full of rage in pursuit of her. Just as he was hovering above the ship, and was about to alight on it, the Huntsman took aim, fired, and shot the beast through the heart. The Dragon fell, but in his fall he crushed the whole ship to pieces, because of his great size and weight. Luckily they saved a couple of planks, and on these the four Brothers and the Princess floated about. They were now in a great strait, but the Tailor with his wonderful needle sewed together the two planks with great stitches, and then collected the remaining pieces of the ship. These he sewed together so cleverly that in a short time the whole vessel was as tight and complete as before, and they sailed home in her without further accident!

As soon as the King saw his dear daughter again he was very glad, and said to the four Brothers, "One of you shall have my daughter to wife, but which, you must settle amongst yourselves."

Thereupon a tremendous quarrel took place between them, for each pressed his own claims. The Star-gazer declared that if he had not seen the Princess all their doings would have been of no use, and so she was his. But the Thief exclaimed, "Of what use would your seeing have been if I had not stolen her away from the Dragon? the Princess is mine!" "But you

would have been all torn in pieces by the Dragon had not my ball reached his heart!" interrupted the Huntsman; "and so she must be mine." "That is all very fine!" said the Tailor; "but if it had not been for my sewing the ship together again you would have been all drowned! no, the Princess is mine!" When they had all spoken thus, the King decided the question by saying:—"You have all an equal claim; but, since you cannot all have the Princess, not one of you shall have her, but I will give each of you instead the half of a province as a reward."

This decision pleased the Brothers, who said, "Yes, it will be better so, for then we shall remain united." Thereupon each received half the revenue of a province, as the King said; and in the enjoyment of this they lived happily with their Father so long as God pleased.

THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

THERE was once a Shoemaker, who, from no fault of his own, had become so poor that at last he had nothing left, but just sufficient leather for one pair of shoes. In the evening he cut out the leather, intending to make it up in the morning; and as he had a good conscience, he lay quietly down to sleep, first commending himself to God. In the morning he said his prayers, and then sat down to work; but, behold, the pair of shoes were already made, and there they stood upon his board. The poor man was amazed, and knew not what to think; but he took the shoes into his hand to look at them more closely, and they were so neatly worked, that not a stitch was wrong; just as if they had been made for a prize. Presently a customer came in; and as the shoes pleased him very much, he paid down more than was usual; and so much that the Shoemaker was able to buy with it leather for two pairs. By the evening he had got his leather shaped out; and when he arose the next morning, he prepared to work with fresh spirit; but there was no need—for the shoes stood all perfect on his board. He did not want either for customers; for two came who paid him so liberally for the shoes, that he bought with the money material for four pairs more. These

also—when he awoke—he found all ready-made, and so it continued; what he cut out overnight was, in the morning, turned into the neatest shoes possible. This went on until he had regained his former appearance, and was even becoming a prosperous man.

One evening—not long before Christmas—as he had cut out the usual quantity, he said to his wife before going to bed, "What say you to stopping up this night, to see who it is that helps us so kindly?" His wife was satisfied, and fastened up a light: and then they hid themselves in the corner of the room, where hung some clothes which concealed them. As soon as it was midnight in came two little manikins, who squatted down on the board; and, taking up the prepared work, set to with their little fingers, stitching and sewing, and hammering so swiftly and lightly, that the Shoemaker could not take his eyes off them for astonishment. They did not cease until all was brought to an end, and the shoes stood ready on the table; and then they sprang quickly away.

Smart and natty boys are we.

The following morning the wife said, "The little

men have made us rich, and we must show our gratitude to them; for although they run about they must be cold, for they have nothing on their bodies. I will make a little shirt, coat, waistcoat, trousers, and stockings for each, and do you make a pair of shoes for each."

The husband assented; and one evening, when all was ready, they laid presents, instead of the usual work, on the board, and hid themselves to see the result.

At midnight in came the Elves, jumping about, and soon prepared to work; but when they saw no leather, but the natty little clothes, they at first were astonished, but soon showed their rapturous glee. They drew on their coats, and smoothing them down, sang—

Smart and natty boys are we;
Cobblers we'll no longer be;

and so they went on hopping and jumping over the stools and chairs, and at last out at the door. After that evening they did not come again; but the Shoemaker prospered in all he undertook, and lived happily to the end of his days.

THE TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES

THERE was a king who had twelve beautiful daughters. They slept in twelve beds all in one room; and when they went to bed, the doors were shut and locked up; but every morning their shoes were found to be quite worn through, as if they had been danced in all night; and yet nobody could find out how it happened, or where they had been.

Then the King made it known to all the land, that if any person could discover the secret, and find out where it was that the Princesses danced in the night, he should have the one he liked best for his wife, and should be king after his death; but whoever tried and did not succeed, after three days and nights, should be put to death.

A king's son soon came. He was well entertained, and in the evening was taken to the chamber next to the one where the Princesses lay in their twelve beds. There he was to sit and watch where they went to dance; and, in order that nothing might pass without his hearing it, the door of his chamber was left open. But the king's son soon fell asleep; and when he awoke in the morning he found that the Princesses had all been dancing, for the soles of their shoes were full of holes. The same thing happened the second

and third night; so the King ordered his head to be cut off. After him came several others; but they had all the same luck, and all lost their lives in the same manner.

Now it chanced that an old soldier who had been wounded in battle, and could fight no longer, passed through the country where this King reigned; and as he was traveling through a wood, he met an old woman who asked him where he was going.

"I hardly know where I am going, or what I had better do," said the soldier; "but I think I should like very well to find out where it is that the Princesses dance, and then in time I might be a king."

"Well," said the old dame, "that is no very hard task: only take care not to drink any of the wine which one of the Princesses will bring to you in the evening; and as soon as she leaves you pretend to be fast asleep."

Then she gave him a cloak, and said, "As soon as you put that on you will become invisible, and you will then be able to follow the Princesses wherever they go."

When the soldier heard all this good counsel, he determined to try his luck: so he went to the King, and said he was willing to undertake the task.

He was as well received as the others had been, and the King ordered fine royal robes to be given him; and when the evening came he was led to the outer chamber. Just as he was going to lie down, the eldest

of the Princesses brought him a cup of wine; but the soldier threw it all away secretly, taking care not to drink a drop. Then he laid himself down on his bed, and in a little while began to snore very loud as if he was fast asleep. When the twelve Princesses heard this they laughed heartily; and the eldest said,

"This fellow, too, might have done a wiser thing than lose his life in this way!"

Then they rose up and opened their drawers and boxes, and took out all their fine clothes, and dressed themselves at the glass, and skipped about as if they were eager to begin dancing.

But the youngest said, "I don't know how it is, while you are so happy I feel very uneasy; I am sure some mischance will befall us."

"You simpleton," said the eldest, "you are always afraid; have you forgotten how many kings' sons have already watched us in vain? And as for this soldier, even if I had not given him his sleeping draught, he would have slept soundly enough."

When they were all ready, they went and looked at the soldier, but he snored on, and did not stir hand or foot; so they thought they were quite safe; and the eldest went up to her own bed and clapped her hands, and the bed sunk into the floor and a trap-door flew open. The soldier saw them going through the trap-door one after another, the eldest leading the way; and thinking he had no time to lose, he jumped up, put on the cloak which the old woman had given him,

and followed them; but in the middle of the stairs he trod on the gown of the youngest Princess, and she cried out to her sisters:

"All is not right; some one took hold of my gown."

"You silly creature!" said the eldest, "it is noth-

They looked at the soldier, but he snored on.

ing but a nail in the wall." Then down they all went, and at the bottom they found themselves in a most delightful grove of trees; and the leaves were all of silver, and glittered and sparkled beautifully. The soldier wished to take away some token of the place; so he broke off a little branch, and there came a loud noise from the tree.

Then the youngest daughter said again, "I am

sure all is not right—did not you hear that noise? That never happened before."

But the eldest said, "It is only our Princes, who are shouting for joy at our approach."

Then they came to another grove of trees, where all the leaves were of gold; and afterwards to a third, where the leaves were all glittering diamonds. And the soldier broke a branch from each; and every time there was a loud noise which made the youngest sister tremble with fear; but the eldest still said, It was only the Princes, who were crying for joy. So they went on till they came to a great lake; and at the side of the lake there lay twelve little boats with twelve handsome Princes in them, who seemed to be waiting there for the Princesses.

One of the Princesses went into each boat, and the soldier stepped into the same boat with the youngest. As they were rowing over the lake, the Prince who was in the boat with the youngest Princess and the soldier said,

"I do not know why it is, but though I am rowing with all my might we do not get on so fast as usual, and I am quite tired: the boat seems very heavy to-day."

"It is only the heat of the weather," said the Princess; "I feel it very warm too."

On the other side of the lake stood a fine illuminated castle, from which came the merry music of horns and trumpets. There they all landed, and went into the castle, and each Prince danced with his

Princess; and the soldier, who was all the time invisible, danced with them too; and when any of the Princesses had a cup of wine set by her, he drank it all up, so that when she put the cup to her mouth it was empty. At this, too, the youngest sister was terribly frightened, but the eldest always silenced her. They danced on till three o'clock in the morning, and then all their shoes were worn out, so that they were obliged to leave off. The Princes rowed them back again over the lake (but this time the soldier placed himself in the boat with the eldest Princess); and on the opposite shore they took leave of each other, the Princesses promising to come again the next night.

When they came to the stairs, the soldier ran on before the Princesses, and laid himself down; and as the twelve sisters slowly came up very much tired, they heard him snoring in his bed; so they said, "Now all is quite safe"; then they undressed themselves, put away their fine clothes, pulled off their shoes, and went to bed.

In the morning the soldier said nothing about what had happened, but determined to see more of this strange adventure and went again the second and third night; and everything happened just as before; the Princesses danced each time till their shoes were worn to pieces, and then returned home. However, on the third night the soldier carried away one of the golden cups as a token of where he had been.

As soon as the time came when he was to declare

the secret, he was taken before the King with the three branches and the golden cup; and the twelve Princesses stood listening behind the door to hear what he would say.

And when the King asked him "Where do my twelve daughters dance at night?" he answered, "With twelve Princes in a castle under ground."

And then he told the King all that had happened, and showed him the three branches and the golden cup which he had brought with him. Then the king called for the Princesses, and asked them whether what the soldier said was true; and when they saw that they were discovered, and that it was of no use to deny what had happened, they confessed it all. And the King asked the soldier which of them he would choose for his wife, and he answered:

"I am not very young, so I will have the eldest." And they were married that very day, and the soldier was chosen to be the King's heir.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

THERE was once a poor Miller who had a beautiful daughter; and one day, having to go to speak with the King, he said, in order to make himself appear of consequence, that he had a daughter who could spin straw into gold. The King was very fond of gold, and thought to himself, "That is an art which would please me very well"; and so he said to the Miller, "If your daughter is so very clever, bring her to the castle in the morning and I will put her to the proof."

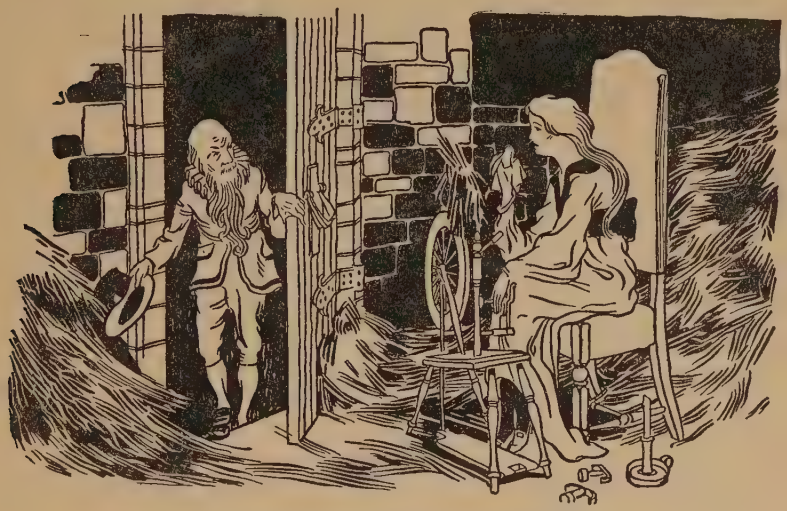
As soon as she arrived the King led her into a chamber which was full of straw; and, giving her a wheel and a reel, he said, "Now set yourself to work, and if you have not spun this straw into gold by an early hour to-morrow you must die." With these words he shut the room door and left the maiden alone.

There she sat for a long time, thinking how to save her life; for she understood nothing of the art whereby straw might be spun into gold; and her grief became stronger and stronger, till at last she began to weep. All at once the door opened and in stepped a little Man, who said, "Good evening, fair maiden; why do you weep so sore?" "Ah," she replied, "I must spin this straw into gold, and I am sure I don't know how."

The little Man asked, "What will you give me if I spin it for you?"

"My necklace," said the maiden.

The Dwarf took it, placed himself in front of the wheel, and whirr, whirr, whirr, three times round,



"Why do you weep so sore?"

and the bobbin was full. Then he set up another, and whirr, whirr, whirr, thrice round again, and a second bobbin was full; and so he went all night long until all the straw was spun and the bobbins were full of gold. At sunrise the King came, very much astonished to see the gold; the sight of which gladdened him but did not make his heart less covetous. He caused the maiden to be led into another room, still larger, full of straw; and then he bade her spin it into gold during the night if she valued her life. The

maiden was again quite at a loss what to do; but while she cried the door opened suddenly, as before, and the Dwarf appeared and asked her what she would give him in return for his assistance. "The ring off my finger," she replied. The little Man took the ring and began to spin at once, and by the morning all the straw was changed to glistening gold. The King was rejoiced above measure at the sight of this, but still he was not satisfied; but, leading the maiden into another still larger room full of straw as the others, he said, "This you must spin during the night; but if you accomplish it you shall be my bride." "For," thought he to himself, "a richer wife thou canst not have in all the world."

When the maiden was left alone the Dwarf again appeared, and asked for the third time, "What will you give me to do this for you?"

"I have nothing left that I can give you," sighed the maiden.

"Then promise me your first-born child if you become Queen," said he.

The Miller's daughter thought, "Who can tell if that will ever happen?" and, ignorant how else to help herself out of her trouble, she promised the Dwarf what he desired; and he immediately set about and finished the spinning. When morning came, and the King found all he had wished for done, he celebrated his wedding; and the fair Miller's daughter became Queen.

About a year after the marriage, when she had ceased to think about the little Dwarf, she brought a fine child into the world; and suddenly, soon after its birth, the very man appeared and demanded what she had promised. The frightened Queen offered him all the riches of the kingdom if he would leave her her child; but the Dwarf answered, "No; something human is dearer to me than all the wealth of the world."

The Queen began to weep and groan so much that the Dwarf compassionated her, and said, "I will leave you three days to consider; if you in that time discover my name you shall keep your child."

All night long the Queen racked her brains for all the names she could think of, and sent a messenger through the country to collect far and wide any new names. The following morning came the Dwarf, and she began with "Caspar," "Melchior," "Balthassar," and all the odd names she knew; but at each the little Man exclaimed, "That is not my name." The second day the Queen inquired of all her people for uncommon and curious names, and called the Dwarf "Ribs-of-beef," "Sheep-shank," "Whalebone"; but at each he said, "That is not my name." The third day the messenger came back and said, "I have not found a single new name; but as I came to a high mountain near the edge of the forest, where foxes and hares say good night to each other, I saw there a little house, and before the door a fire was burning, and round this

fire a very curious little man was dancing on one leg, and shouting—

"To-day I stew, and then I'll bake,
To-morrow I shall the Queen's child take;
Ah! how famous it is that nobody knows
That my name is Rumpelstiltskin."

When the Queen heard this she was very glad; for now she knew the name; and soon after came the Dwarf, and asked, "Now, my lady Queen, what is my name?"

First she said, "Are you called Conrade?" "No."

"Are you called Hal?" "No."

"Are you called Rumpelstiltskin?"

"A witch has told you; a witch has told you!" shrieked the little Man; and stamped his right foot so hard in the ground with rage that he could not draw it out again. Then he took hold of his left leg with both his hands, and pulled away so hard that his right came off in the struggle, and he hopped away howling terribly. And from that day to this the Queen has heard no more of her troublesome visitor.

JORINDA AND JORINDEL

THERE was once an old castle that stood in the middle of a large thick wood, and in the castle lived an old fairy. All the day long she flew about in the form of an owl, or crept about the country like a cat; but at night she always became an old woman again. When any youth came within a hundred paces of her castle, he became quite fixed, and could not move a step till she came and set him free: but when any pretty maiden came within the distance, she was changed into a bird; and the fairy put her into a cage and hung her up in a chamber in the castle. There were seven hundred of these cages hanging in the castle, and all with beautiful birds in them.

Now there was once a maiden whose name was Jorinda: she was prettier than all the pretty girls that ever were seen; and a shepherd whose name was Jorindel was very fond of her, and they were soon to be married. One day they went to walk in the wood, that they might be alone: and Jorindel said,

"We must take care that we don't go too near to the castle."

It was a beautiful evening; the last rays of the setting sun shone bright through the long stems of the trees upon the green underwood beneath, and the turtledoves sang plaintively from the tall birches.

Jorinda sat down to gaze upon the sun; Jorindel sat by her side; and both felt sad, they knew not why; but it seemed as if they were to be parted from one another for ever. They had wandered a long way; and when they looked to see which way they should go home, they found themselves at a loss to know what path to take.

The sun was setting fast, and already half of his circle had disappeared behind the hill; Jorindel on a sudden looked behind him, and as he saw through the bushes that they had, without knowing it, sat down close under the old walls of the castle, he shrank for fear, turned pale, and trembled. Jorinda was singing,

The ring-dove sang from the willow spray,
Well-a-day! well a-day!
He mourn'd for the fate
Of his lovely mate,
Well-a-day!

The song ceased suddenly. Jorindel turned to see the reason, and beheld his Jorinda changed into a nightingale; so that her song ended with a mournful *jug, jug*. An owl with fiery eyes flew three times round them, and three times screamed Tu whu! Tu whu! Tu whu! Jorindel could not move: he stood fixed as a stone, and could neither weep, nor speak, nor stir hand or foot. And now the sun went quite down; the gloomy night came, the owl flew into a bush; and a moment after the old fairy came forth pale and

meagre, with staring eyes, and a nose and chin that almost met one another.

She mumbled something to herself, seized the

She had a nose and chin that almost met.

nightingale, and placing it in a cage she carried for the purpose, went away with it in her hand. Poor Jorindel saw the nightingale was gone,—but what could he do? He could not speak, he could not move

from the spot where he stood. At last the fairy came back, and sang with a hoarse voice,

Till the prisoner's fast,
And her doom is cast,
There stay! Oh, stay!
When the charm is around her,
And the spell has bound her,
Hie away! away!

Suddenly Jorindel found himself free. He fell on his knees before the fairy, and prayed her to give him back his dear Jorinda; but she said he should never see her again and went her way.

He prayed, he wept, he sorrowed, but all in vain. "Alas!" he said, "what will become of me?"

He could not return to his own home, so he went to a strange village, and employed himself in keeping sheep. Many a time did he walk round and round as near to the hated castle as he dared go. At last he dreamt one night that he found a beautiful purple flower, and in the middle of it lay a costly pearl; and he dreamt that he plucked the flower, and went with it in his hand into the castle, and that everything he touched with it was disenchanted, and that there he found his dear Jorinda again.

In the morning when he awoke, he began to search over hill and dale for this pretty flower; and eight long days he sought for it in vain: but on the ninth day, early in the morning, he found the beautiful purple flower; and in the middle of it was a large dew-drop as big as a costly pearl.

Then he plucked the flower, and set out and traveled day and night till he came again to the castle. He walked nearer than a hundred paces to it, and yet he did not become fixed as before, but found that he could go close up to the door.

Jorindel was very glad to see this: he touched the door with the flower, and it sprang open, so that he went in through the court, and listened when he heard so many birds singing. At last he came to the chamber where the fairy sat, with the seven hundred birds singing in the seven hundred cages. And when she saw Jorindel she was very angry and screamed with rage; but she could not come within two yards of him; for the flower he held in his hand protected him. He looked around at the birds, but alas! there were many many nightingales, and how then should he find his Jorinda? While he was thinking what to do, he observed that the fairy had taken down one of the cages, and was making her escape through the door. He ran or flew to her, touched the cage with the flower,—and his Jorinda stood before him. She threw her arms round his neck and looked as beautiful as ever, as beautiful as when they walked together in the wood.

Then he touched all the other birds with the flower, so that they resumed their old forms; and took his dear Jorinda home, where they lived happily together many years.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

ONCE upon a time there lived a little girl, who was so sweet and pretty and good that everybody loved her. Her old grandmother, who was very fond of her, made her a little red cloak and hood, which suited her so well that everyone called her "Little Red Riding-Hood."

So sweet and pretty that everybody loved her.

One day, Little Red Riding-Hood's mother told her to take a basket with some butter and eggs and fresh-baked cake to her grandmother, who was ill. The little girl, who was always willing and obliging,

"Good morning," said the wolf, and trotted away.

ran at once to fetch her red cloak, and, taking her basket, set out on her journey.

On her way she met a wolf, who wished very much to eat her up; but who dared not do so because some wood-cutters were working close by. So he only said:

"Good-morning, Little Red Riding-Hood; where are you off to so early?"

Little Red Riding-Hood, who did not know how dangerous it was to talk to a wolf, replied:

"I am going to see my grandmother, who is ill in bed, to take her some butter and eggs and a fresh-baked cake that my mother has made for her!"

"Where does your grandmother live?" asked the wolf.

"In the little white cottage at the other side of the wood," answered Red Riding-Hood.

"Well," said the wolf, "I am going that way, too. If you will let me, I will walk part of the way with you." So Little Red Riding-Hood, who suspected no harm, set off with the wolf for her campanion.

Presently Red Riding-Hood stopped to gather a nosegay of wild flowers for her grandmother, and the wolf, who had thought of a plan to get the little girl for his dinner, said "Good morning," and trotted away.

As soon as he was out of sight, he began to run as fast as he could. In a short time he reached the grandmother's cottage and knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" asked the old grandmother, as she lay in bed.

"It is Little Red Riding-Hood," answered the wolf. "I have brought you some butter and eggs and a fresh-baked cake which mother has made for you."

"Pull the bobbin and the latch will go up," said the old grandmother. So the wolf pulled the bobbin and opened the door, and sprang upon the poor old grandmother and ate her all up in a twinkling.

The wolf reached the Grandmother's cottage and knocked at the door.

Then he put on her night-cap and got into bed, and lay down to wait for Red Riding-Hood.

Very soon there came a little soft tap at the door.

"Who is there?" called out the wolf.

"It is Little Red Riding-Hood, grandmother dear. I have brought you some butter and eggs and a fresh-baked cake which mother has made for you."

Then the wolf called out, disguising his voice as much as he could:

"Pull the bobbin and the latch will go up." So Little Red Riding-Hood pulled the bobbin and went inside.

"Good morning, dear grandmother," she said. "How are you feeling today?"

"Very bad indeed, my dear," answered the wolf, trying to hide himself under the bedclothes.

"How strange and hoarse your voice sounds, grandmother," said the little girl.

"I have got a bad cold, my dear," said the wicked wolf.

"Grandmother, what very bright eyes you have!" went on Red Riding-Hood, surprised to see how strange her grandmother looked in her nightclothes.

"The better to see you with, my dear," said the wolf.

"Grandmother, what very big ears you have!"

"The better to hear you with, my child."

"Grandmother, what very long arms you have!"

"The better to hug you with, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what great big teeth you have," said Red Riding-Hood, who was beginning to get frightened.

"The better to eat you with," roared the wolf, suddenly jumping out of bed. He seized hold of poor Little Red Riding-Hood, and was just about to eat her up, when there was a great noise outside, and the door burst open and in rushed the wood-cutters, who had seen the wolf talking to the little girl in the wood, and came to see what mischief he was up to.

They killed the wicked wolf quite dead; and so Little Red Riding-Hood was saved, and ran home to tell her mother all about her terrible adventure.

"The better to eat you with."

THE WATER OF LIFE

ONCE upon a time there was a King who was so ill that everybody despaired of his life, and his three Sons were very sorry, and went out into the palace gardens to weep. There they met an old Man, who asked the cause of their grief, and they told him their Father was so ill that he must die, for nothing could save him. The old Man said, "I know a means of saving him: if he drinks of the water of life it will restore him to health; but it is very difficult to find."

"I will soon find it," said the eldest Son, and, going to the sick King, he begged his permission to set out in search of the water of life, which alone could save him. "No; the danger is too great," said the King; "I prefer to die." Nevertheless the Son begged and entreated so long that the King consented, and the Prince went away, thinking in his own heart, "If I bring this water I am the dearest to my Father, and I shall inherit his kingdom."

After he had ridden a long way about he met a Dwarf on the road, who asked him, "Whither away so quickly?"

"You stupid dandyprat," replied the Prince proudly, "why should I tell you that?" and he rode

off. But the little Man was angry and he wished an evil thing, so that soon after the Prince came into a narrow mountain pass, and the further he rode the narrower it grew, till at last it was so close that he could get no further; but neither could he turn his horse round, nor dismount, and he sat there like one amazed. Meanwhile the sick King waited a long while for him, but he did not come; and the second Son asked leave to go too and seek the water, for he thought to himself, "If my Brother is dead the kingdom comes to me." At first the King refused to spare him; but he gave way, and the Prince set out on the same road as the elder one had taken, and met also the same Dwarf, who stopped him and asked him, "Whither ride you so hastily?" "Little dandyprat," replied the Prince, "what do you want to know for?" and he rode off without looking round. The Dwarf, however, enchanted him, and it happened to him as it had to his Brother: he came to a defile where he could move neither forwards nor backwards. Such is the fate of all haughty people.

Now, when the second Son did not return, the youngest begged leave to go and fetch the water, and the King was obliged at last to give his consent. When he met the Dwarf, and was asked whither he was going so hurriedly, he stopped and replied, "I seek the water of life, for my Father is sick unto death." "Do you know where to find it?" asked the Dwarf. "No," replied the Prince. "Since you have behaved your-

self as you ought," said the Dwarf, "and not haughtily like your false Brothers, I will give you information and show you where you may obtain the water of life. It flows from a fountain in the court of an enchanted castle, into which you can never penetrate if I do not give you an iron rod and two loaves of bread. With the rod knock thrice at the iron door of the castle, and it will spring open. Within lie two lions with open jaws, but if you throw down to each a loaf of bread they will be quiet. Then hasten and fetch some of the water of life before it strikes twelve, for then the door will shut again and you will be imprisoned."

The Prince thanked the Dwarf, and, taking the rod and bread, he set out on his journey, and as he arrived at the castle he found it as the Dwarf had said. At the third knock the door sprang open; and, when he had stilled the Lions with the bread, he walked into a fine large hall, where sat several enchanted Princes, from whose fingers he drew off the rings, and he also took away with him a sword and some bread which lay there. A little further he came to a room wherein stood a beautiful maiden, who was so pleased to see him that she kissed him and said he had freed her, and should have her whole kingdom, and if he came in another year their wedding should be celebrated. Then she told him where the fountain of the water of life was placed, and he hastened away lest it should strike twelve ere he gained it. He came next into a room where a fine clean covered bed stood,

and, being tired, he laid down to rest himself a bit. But he went to sleep, and when he awoke it struck quarter to twelve, and the sound made him hurry to the fountain, from which he took some water in a cup which stood near. This done, he hastened to the door, and was scarcely out before it struck twelve, and the door swung to so heavily that it carried away a piece of his heel.

But he was very glad, in spite of this, that he had procured the water, and he journeyed homewards, and passed again where the Dwarf stood. When the Dwarf saw the sword and bread which he had brought away he declared he had done well, for with the sword he could destroy whole armies; but the bread was worth nothing. Now, the Prince was not willing to return home to his Father without his Brothers, and so he said to the Dwarf, "Dear Dwarf, can you tell me where my Brothers are? they went out before me in search of the water of life, and did not return." "They are stuck fast between two mountains," replied the Dwarf; "because they were so haughty, I enchanted them there."

Then the Prince begged for their release, till at last the Dwarf brought them out; but he warned the youngest to beware of them, for they had evil in their hearts.

When his Brothers came he was very glad, and he related to them all that had happened to him; how he had found the water of life and brought away

a cup full of it; and how he had rescued a beautiful Princess, who for a whole year was going to wait for him, and then he was to return to be married to her, and receive a rich kingdom. After this tale the three Brothers rode away together, and soon entered a province where there were war and famine raging, and the King thought he should perish, so great was his necessity. The youngest Prince went to this King and gave him the bread, with which he fed and satisfied his whole people; and then the Prince gave him the sword, wherewith he defeated and slew all his enemies, and regained peace and quiet. This effected, the Prince took back the bread and sword, and rode on further with his Brothers, and by-and-by they came to two other provinces where also war and famine were destroying the people. To each King the Prince lent his bread and sword, and so saved three kingdoms. After this they went on board a ship to pass over the sea which separated them from home, and during the voyage the two elder Brothers said to one another, "Our Brother has found the water of life and we have not; therefore our Father will give the kingdom which belongs to us to him, and our fortune will be taken away." With these thoughts they became revengeful, and consulted together how they should kill him, and one day waiting till he was fast asleep, they poured the water out of his cup and took it for themselves, while they filled his up with bitter salt-water. As soon as they arrived at home the

youngest Brother took his cup to the sick King, that he might drink out of it and regain his health. But scarcely had he drunk a very little of the water when he became worse than before, for it was as bitter as wormwood. While the King lay in this state, the two elder Princes came, and accused their Brother of poisoning his Father; but they had brought the right water and they handed it to the King. Scarcely had he drunk a little out of the cup when the King felt his sickness leave him, and soon he was as strong and healthy as in his young days. The two Brothers now went to the youngest Prince, mocking him, and saying, "You certainly found the water of life; but you had the trouble and we had the reward; you should have been more cautious and kept your eyes open, for we took your cup while you were asleep on the sea; and, moreover, in a year one of us intends to fetch your Princess. Beware, however, that you betray us not; the King will not believe you, and if you say a single word your life will be lost; but if you remain silent you are safe." The old King, nevertheless, was very angry with his youngest Son, who had conspired, as he believed, against his life. He caused his court to be assembled, and sentence was given to the effect that the Prince should be secretly shot; and once as he rode out hunting, unsuspicious of any evil, the Huntsman was sent with him to perform the deed. By-and-by, when they were alone in the wood, the Huntsman seemed so sad that the Prince asked him what ailed him. The

Huntsman replied, "I cannot and yet must tell you." "Tell me boldly what it is," said the Prince, "I will forgive you." "Ah! it is no other than that I must shoot you, for so has the King ordered me," said the Huntsman with a deep sigh.

The Prince was frightened, and said, "Let me live, dear Huntsman, let me live! I will give you my royal coat and you shall give me yours in exchange." To this the Huntsman readily assented, for he felt unable to shoot the Prince, and after they had exchanged their clothing the Huntsman returned home, and the Prince went deeper into the wood.

A short time afterwards three wagons laden with gold and precious stones came to the King's palace for his youngest Son, and they were sent by the three Kings in token of gratitude for the sword which had defeated their enemies, and the bread which had nourished their people. At this arrival the old King said to himself, "Perhaps after all my Son was guiltless," and he lamented to his courtiers that he had let his Son be killed. But the Huntsman cried out, "He lives yet! for I could not find it in my heart to fulfil your commands," and he told the King how it had happened. The King felt as if a stone had been removed from his heart, and he caused it to be proclaimed everywhere throughout his dominions that his Son might return and would again be taken into favour.

Meanwhile the Princess had caused a road to

be made up to her castle of pure shining gold, and she told her attendants that whoever should ride straight up this road would be the right person, and one whom they might admit into the castle; but, on the contrary, whoever should ride up not on the road, but by the side, they were ordered on no account to admit, for he was not the right person. When, therefore, the time came round which the Princess had mentioned to the youngest Prince, the eldest Brother thought he would hasten to her castle and announce himself as her deliverer, that he might gain her as a bride and the kingdom besides. So he rode away, and when he came in front of the castle and saw the fine golden road he thought it would be a shame to ride thereon, and so he turned to the left hand and rode up out of the road. But as he came up to the door the guards told him he was not the right person, and he must ride back again. Soon afterwards the second Prince also set out, and he, likewise, when he came to the golden road, and his horse set his fore feet upon it, thought it would be a pity to travel upon it, and so he turned aside to the right hand and went up. When he came to the gate the guards refused him admittance, and told him he was not the person expected, and so he had to return homewards. The youngest Prince, who had all this time been wandering about in the forest, had also remembered that the year was up, and soon after his Brothers' departure he appeared before the castle and rode up straight

on the golden road, for he was so deeply engaged in thinking of his beloved Princess that he did not observe it. As soon as he arrived at the door it was opened, and the Princess received him with joy, saying he was her deliverer and the lord of her dominions. Soon after their wedding was celebrated, and when it was over the Princess told her husband that his Father had forgiven him and desired to see him. Thereupon he rode to the old King's palace, and told him how his Brothers had betrayed him while he slept and sworn him to silence. When the King heard this he would have punished the false Brothers, but they had prudently taken themselves off in a ship, and they never returned home afterwards.

RAPUNZEL

ONCE upon a time there lived a man and his wife, who much desired to have a child; but for a long time they wished in vain. Out of a little window in the back part of their house one could see into a beautiful garden, which was full of fine flowers and vegetables; but it was surrounded by a high wall, and no one dared to go in because it belonged to a Witch possessed of great power and feared by the whole world.

One day as the woman stood at this window looking into the garden she saw a bed which was filled with the most beautiful radishes, which seemed so fresh and green that a great desire seized her to eat some of them. This wish increased daily and as she knew that she could not partake of them she fell ill, and looked very pale and miserable. This frightened her husband, who asked, "What ails you, my dear wife?"

"Ah!" she replied, "If I cannot get some of those radishes from the garden behind the house, I shall die!" The husband, who loved her very much, thought, "Rather than let my wife die, I must fetch her some radishes, cost what they may." So in the gloom of the evening he climbed the wall of the Witch's

garden, snatched a handful of radishes in great haste, and brought them to his wife. She immediately made them into a salad, which she ate with relish. However, they were so nice, and so well-flavored, that the next day she felt the same desire, three times stronger than before. Since she could not get any rest, her husband was obliged to promise her some more. So in the evening he began clambering over the wall; but, oh! how terribly frightened he was, for there he saw the old Witch standing before him!

"How dare you,"—she began, looking at him with a frightful scowl,—"how dare you climb over into my garden to take away my radishes like a thief? Evil shall come to you for this."

"Ah!" replied he, "let mercy temper justice; I have done this out of great necessity; my wife saw your radishes from her window, and took such a fancy to them that she would have died if she had not eaten of them." Then the Witch's anger softened, and she said, "If that is the case, I will let you take away all the radishes you please; but I make one condition. You must give me the child which will be born to you. All shall go well with it, and I will care for it like a mother." In his anxiety the man consented, and when a girl was born to them the Witch appeared, named the child "Rapunzel," and took it away with her.

Rapunzel grew to be the most beautiful child under the sun. When she was twelve years old the

Witch shut her up in a tower, which stood in a forest, and had neither stairs nor door, and only one little window at the top. When the Witch wished to enter she stood beneath, and called out—

"Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair!"

for Rapunzel had long and beautiful hair, fine as spun gold; and as soon as she heard the Witch's voice she unbound her braided tresses, opened the window, and let her hair down fully twenty ells, and then the Witch mounted by it.

*"Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair!"*

After a couple of years had passed it happened that the King's son was riding through the wood, and came by the tower. There he heard a song so beautiful that he stood still and listened. It was Rapunzel, who, to while away her loneliness, was exercising her sweet voice. The King's son wished to ascend to her, and looked for a door to the tower, but he could find none. So he rode home; but the song had touched his heart so deeply that he went every day to

the forest to hear it. One day as he stood listening behind a tree, he saw the Witch come up and heard her call out—

"Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair!"

Then Rapunzel let down her braids, and the Witch mounted.

"So that is the ladder by which one must climb! Then I will try my luck, too," said the Prince; and at nightfall the next day he went to the tower and cried—

"Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair!"

Then the tresses fell down, and he climbed up.

Rapunzel was much frightened at first when he came in, for she had never seen a man before; but the King's son talked in a friendly manner to her, and told her his heart had been so moved by her singing that he could have no peace until he had seen her. So Rapunzel lost her terror, and when he asked her if she would have him for a husband, and she saw that he was young and handsome, she thought, "He will love me more than the old woman does." So she consented and laid her hands in his.

"I would willingly go with you, but I do not know how to descend," she said; "but if you will bring with you a skein of silk each time you come, I will weave a ladder, and when it is ready I will come down by it, and you shall take me on your horse." Then

they agreed that they should never meet till the evening, as the Witch came in the daytime.

The old woman noticed nothing until one time Rapunzel forgetfully asked, "Tell me, mother, how it happens you find it more difficult to come up than the young King's son. He is with me in a moment."

"Oh, you wicked child!" exclaimed the Witch. "What do I hear? I thought I had separated you from all the world, and yet you have deceived me." In a fury she seized Rapunzel's beautiful hair, wrapped it about her left hand, snatched a pair of scissors in her right, and snip, snap! cut it all off; and the beautiful tresses lay upon the ground. Then she was so hard-hearted that she took the poor maiden into a great desert, and left her to live in great misery and grief.

But at evening of the day on which she cast out Rapunzel, the old Witch made the braids fast to the window latch, and when the King's son came, and called out—

"Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair!"

she let them down. The Prince mounted; but when he got to the top he found, not his dear Rapunzel, but the Witch, who looked at him with furious and wicked eyes.

"Aha!" she exclaimed scornfully, "you would fetch your dear wife; but the beautiful bird sits no longer in her nest, singing; the cat has taken her away, and will now scratch out your eyes as well. Rapunzel is lost to you; you will never see her again."

The Prince lost his senses with grief at these words, and in his despair sprang out of the window of the tower. He escaped with his life, but the thorns into which he fell put out his eyes. So he wandered, blind, in the forest, eating nothing but roots and berries, and doing nothing but weep and lament over the loss of his dear wife. He wandered about thus, in great misery, for some few years, but at last arrived at the desert where Rapunzel lived in great sorrow. He heard a voice which he thought he knew, and went toward her. As he approached, Rapunzel recognized him, and fell on his neck and wept. Two of her tears moistened his eyes, and they became clear again, so that he could see as well as formerly.

Then he led her away to his kingdom, where he was received with great demonstrations of joy, and where they lived for a long time, contented and happy.

What became of the old Witch no one ever knew.

THE STORY OF CINDERELLA

THERE was once a rich man, whose wife died, leaving him with one little girl. After some years, hoping to give his child a mother's love and care, he married again, this time a widow, with

The poor child was sent to live in the kitchen.

two grown-up daughters. But his second wife was haughty and proud, and her two daughters were even worse than their mother; and the poor little girl had a very unhappy time with her new relations. Her stepsisters were jealous of her, for she was very beauti-

ful, and they themselves were plain and ugly. They did all they could to make her miserable; and, at length, through their wicked spite and envy, her life became a burden to her. The poor child was sent to live in the kitchen, where she had to do all the rough and dirty work; and because she was always dressed in rags, and sat beside the cinders in the grate, they called her Cinderella.

It happened that the King of the country had an only son. He was very anxious that the Prince should be married; so he gave a great ball, and invited all the grand ladies in the country to come to it. It was to be a very splendid affair, lasting for three nights, and people were very eager to be invited to it, for it was known that the Prince would choose his bride from among the ladies present.

Cinderella's sisters received invitations; and from the day they arrived they talked of nothing but of what they should wear, for each of them secretly hoped that she would be chosen as the Prince's bride.

When the great day came at last, they began to dress for the ball directly after breakfast. Cinderella had to help them; and they kept her busy all day doing their hair, and running messages, and helping them to lace up their fine dresses.

When Cinderella saw their beautiful clothes she wished that she could go to the ball as well; but when she timidly asked if she might, they laughed in mocking scorn.

"You go to the ball!" they cried. "What would you do at the ball, with your rags and tatters and your dirty face? No, no, Cinderella, go back to your

There on the hearth in front of her stood an old woman.

seat amongst the ashes—that is the place for a little kitchen girl like you!"

So the two sisters and their mother drove away in a carriage and pair to the King's palace, and Cinderella was left behind. She sat down on the hearth before the kitchen fire and began to cry softly to herself, because she felt so very lonely and miserable.

As she sat there in the dusk, with the firelight dancing over her, and her face buried in her hands, she heard a voice calling:

"Cinderella, Cinderella!" and with a start she looked up to see who it could be.

There on the hearth in front of her stood an old woman, leaning upon a stick. She was dressed in a long red cloak, and she wore high-heeled shoes and a tall black hat.

Where she had come from Cinderella could not imagine. She certainly had not come in through the door, nor yet through the window, for both were shut.

Cinderella was so surprised to see her that she stopped crying and stared at her in astonishment.

"What are you crying for?" asked the old woman.

"Because my mother and sisters have gone to the ball, and I am left here all alone," said Cinderella.

"Do you want to go to the ball, too?" said the old lady.

"Yes, but it is no good; I have nothing but rags to wear," sobbed poor Cinderella.

"Well, well, be a good child and don't cry any more," said the old woman, briskly. "I am your Fairy Godmother, and if you do what I tell you, perhaps you shall go after all. Run out into the garden and bring me in a pumpkin!"

Cinderella ran out into the garden and brought in the biggest pumpkin that she could find.

"Now go and fetch the mouse-trap out of the

cellar," said her Godmother, and Cinderella hurried to get it. There were six mice in the trap, and the old woman harnessed them to the pumpkin, put a

The daintiest pair of glass slippers that ever were seen.

rat on the top to drive them, and two lizards behind, and then waved her wand over them. Immediately the pumpkin turned into a gorgeous coach, the mice into six beautiful horses, the rat into a stately coachman, and the lizards into tall footmen, with powdered

hair and silk stockings. "There," said the old woman; "there's a carriage to take you to the ball."

"Alas," said Cinderella, "how can I go to the ball? I have nothing to wear but this!" and she touched her ragged frock.

"Is that all?" said the Fairy Godmother. Once more she waved her wand, and Cinderella's rags turned into the most beautiful dress in the world, all shining with gold and silver threads and covered with costly gems. In her hair was a circlet of pearls, and her feet were shod with the prettiest and daintiest pair of glass slippers that ever were seen.

"Now," said the Fairy Godmother, "now you can go to the ball. But mind you come away before the clock strikes twelve, for should you linger beyond that hour, all your splendor will vanish, and your dress will turn into rags again."

Cinderella promised to obey her Godmother's instructions. Then she got into the beautiful coach. The footman shut the door, the coachman whipped up the horses, and away she went to the ball.

When she arrived there was a great stir in the Palace. So lovely a face and so costly and rich a dress had never before been seen, and everybody thought it must be some great Princess arrived from foreign lands.

All the courtiers and other guests stood back to let her pass, and when the Prince caught sight of her he fell in love with her on the spot. He danced with

her the whole of the evening, and people thought there was no doubt as to whom he would choose for his bride.

At a quarter to twelve, Cinderella, remembering her Godmother's instructions, said good-bye to the Prince and came away.

She arrived home just as the clock struck twelve.

There was no doubt as to whom he would choose.

At once the coachman and footmen turned back into rats and mice, and the coach into a pumpkin; and when the sisters came home a little later, there was Cinderella, dressed in her old shabby frock, sitting in her usual place amongst the cinders.

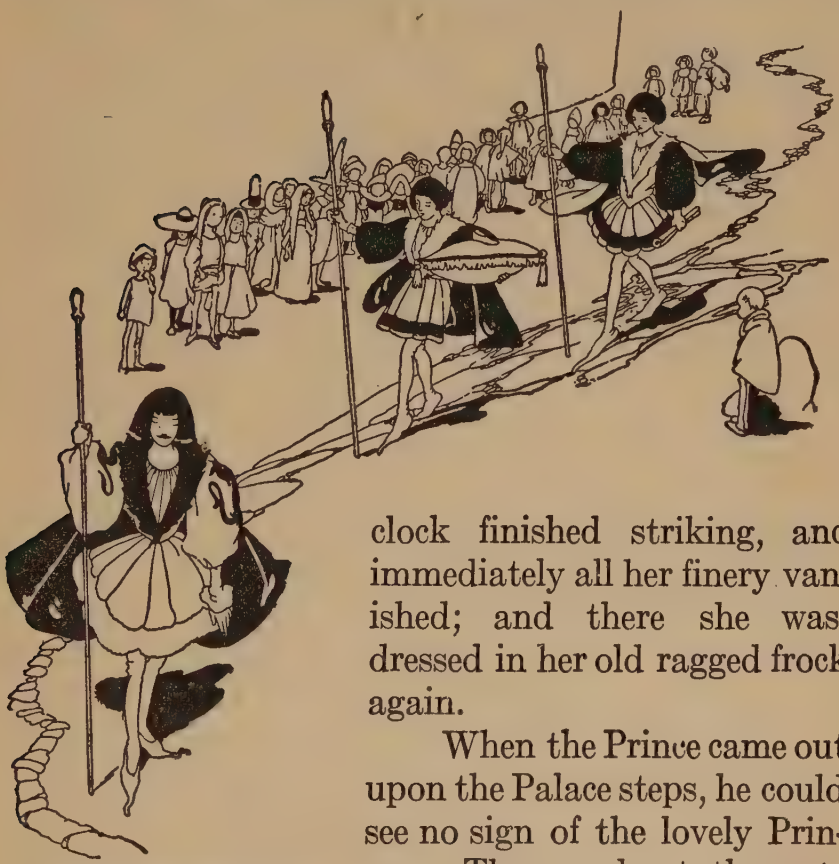
The two ugly sisters were full of the strange Princess who had come to the ball. They talked about her all the next day, little dreaming that all the while the beautiful lady was their despised sister Cinderella.

In the evening after they had gone again to the ball, the Fairy Godmother made her appearance. Once more Cinderella drove to the Palace in her coach and six; this time arrayed in a still more gorgeous and beautiful dress; and once more the Prince danced with her all the evening.

Cinderella in her fright ran so fast.

But when the third night came Cinderella was enjoying herself so much that she quite forgot what her Fairy Godmother had said, until suddenly she heard the clock begin to strike twelve. She remembered that as soon as it finished striking, all her fine clothes would turn to rags again; and, jumping up in alarm, she ran out of the room. The Prince ran after her, trying to overtake her; and Cinderella in her fright ran so fast that she left one of her little glass slippers on the floor behind her.

The Prince stopped to pick it up, and this gave Cinderella time to escape; but she was only just in time. Just as she was crossing the Palace yard, the clock finished striking, and immediately all her finery vanished; and there she was, dressed in her old ragged frock again.



The king sent out all his heralds and trumpeters.

When the Prince came out upon the Palace steps, he could see no sign of the lovely Princess. The guards at the gate told him that nobody at all had passed that way, except a little ragged kitchenmaid; and the Prince had to go back to the ball with only a little glass slipper to remind him of the beautiful lady with whom he was so desperately in love.

The next day the King sent out all his heralds and trumpeters with a Proclamation, saying that the Prince would marry the lady whose foot the slipper fitted. But though all the ladies in the land tried on the slipper it would fit none of them—their feet were all too big!

At last the heralds came to the house where Cinderella lived. The eldest stepsister tried the slipper on first, but it was quite impossible for her to get her foot into it, for her great toe was too big. Then her mother, who was watching eagerly, fetched a carving-knife.

"Be quick, cut the toe off," she said; "what does it matter if you are lame—if you are the Prince's bride you will always ride in a carriage!"

So the eldest sister cut off her big toe, but it was no use, the slipper would not fit, and at last she was obliged to hand it to her sister.

But the other sister had no better luck. She did, indeed, get her toes inside, but her foot was much too long, and her heel stuck out behind. The mother urged her to cut it off.

"What does it matter?" she said. "If you are the Prince's bride you will never need to walk any more."

But although she cut her heel off, the slipper was still too small; and at length she, too, had to give up the attempt to force her foot into it.

Then Cinderella came shyly out from behind the

CINDERELLA LEFT ONE OF HER GLASS SLIPPERS ON THE FLOOR.

door where she had been standing out of sight, and asked if she might try on the slipper. Her stepmother and sisters were very angry, and were about to drive her away with blows, but the herald stopped them.

"The Prince wishes every woman in the land to try on this slipper," he said; and asking Cinderella to sit on a chair, he knelt down and tried the slipper on her foot.

And it fitted her exactly!

While everyone stood and stared in astonishment, Cinderella drew from her pocket the other slipper and put it on. No sooner had she done so than her ragged frock changed into the beautiful ball dress again, and she stood up before them all—the beautiful lady with whom the Prince had fallen in love at the ball.

The Prince was overjoyed to find her again; and they were married at once with much pomp amid great rejoicings.

As for the wicked sisters, they were so jealous that they both turned green with envy. They grew uglier and uglier every day, until at last they grew so dreadfully ugly that nobody could bear to look at them any longer. But Cinderella became more and more beautiful, and lived happily with the Prince for ever afterwards.

THE CLEVER GRETEL

ONCE upon a time there was a Cook who wore shoes with red knots, and when she went out with them on she used to figure her feet about here and there, and then say to herself, quite complacently, "Ah, you are still a pretty girl!" And when she came home she drank a glass of wine for joy, and, as the wine made her wish to eat, she used to look out the best she had, and excuse herself by saying, "The Cook ought to know how her cooking tastes."

One day it happened that her master said to her, "Gretel, this evening a guest is coming, so cook me two fowls." "I will do it directly, master," replied Gretel. She soon killed the fowls, plucked, dressed, and spitted them, and, as evening came on, she put them down to the fire to roast. They soon began to brown and warm through, but still the guest was not come, and Gretel said to the master, "If your guest does not come soon I shall have to take the fowls from the fire, but it will be a great shame not to eat them soon, when they are just in the gravy."

The master agreed, therefore, to run out himself and bring home his guest; and, as soon as he had turned his back, Gretel laid aside the spit, with its two fowls and thought to herself, "Ah, I have stood

so long before the fire, I am quite hot and thirsty; who knows when he will come? Meanwhile I will run down into the cellar and have a draught."

"The Cook ought to know how her cooking tastes."

Gretel ran down the stairs and filled a jug, and, saying "God bless you, Gretel!" took a good pull at the beer, and when that was down she had another draught. Then she went up again, and placed the

fowls before the fire, and turned the spit round quite merrily, first spreading some butter over their skins. However, the roasting fowls smelt so well that Gretel thought she had better try how they tasted; and so she dipped her finger into the gravy, and said, "Ah, how good these fowls are! it is a sin and shame that they should not be eaten at once!" She ran to the window, therefore, to see if her master was yet coming with his guest, but there was nobody, and she turned again to the fowls. "Ah, one wing is burnt!" said she, "I had better eat that!" and, cutting it off, she ate it. But then she thought, "Master will see that something is wanting, I had better take the other!" When she had finished the two wings, she went again to see whether her master was coming, but without success. "Who knows," said she, "whether they will come or not! and perhaps they are stopping where they are. Come, Gretel, be of good courage! the one is begun, have another drink, and then eat it up completely, for when it is all done you will be at rest; and besides, why should the good things be spoiled?" So thinking, Gretel ran once more into the cellar, took a capital drink, and then ate up one fowl with great pleasure. As soon as it was down, and the master still had not returned, Gretel looked at the other fowl, and said, "Where the one is, the other ought to be also; the two belong to one another; what is right for the one is right for the other; I believe if I take another draught it will not hurt me." So saying, she took a hearty

drink, and let the second fowl slip down after the other.

Just as she was in the best of the eating, the master came running up, and called, "Make haste, Gretel! the guest is coming directly!"

"Yes, master," said she, "it will soon be ready."

The master went in to see if the table were properly laid, and, taking up the great knife wherewith he was to carve the fowls, he went to sharpen it upon the stones. Meantime came the guest, and knocked politely at the door. Gretel ran to see who it was; and, when she perceived the guest, she held her finger to her mouth to enjoin silence, and said, "Make haste quickly away! If my master discovers you here, you are lost; he certainly did invite you here to supper, but he has it in his mind to cut off your ears; just listen how he is sharpening his knife!"

The guest listened to the sound, and then hurried down the steps as fast as he could, while Gretel ran screaming to her master, and said to him, "You have invited a fine guest!"

"Eh, what?" said he, "what do you mean?"

"Why," replied Gretel, "just as I was about to serve them up, your guest has taken the two fowls off the dish, and bolted away with them!"

"That is fine manners, certainly!" said the master, grieved for his fine fowls; "if he had but left me one at the least, that I might have had something to eat!" Then he called after his guest, who pretended not to

hear him, and so he pursued him, knife in hand, calling out, "Only one! only one!" meaning that his guest should leave one fowl behind him; but the latter supposed that his host meant that he would only cut off one ear, and so he ran faster and faster, as if fire were at his heels, that he might reach home safe and sound.

THE TOM-TIT AND THE BEAR

ONE summer day, as the wolf and the bear were walking together in a wood, they heard a bird singing most delightfully.

"Brother," said the bear, "what can that bird be that is singing so sweetly?"

"O!" said the wolf, "that is his majesty the king of the birds, we must take care to show him all possible respect." (Now I should tell you that this bird was after all no other than the tom-tit.)

"If that is the case," said the bear, "I should like to see the royal palace; so pray come along and show it to me."

"Gently, my friend," said the wolf, "we cannot see it just yet, we must wait till the queen comes home."

Soon afterwards the queen came with food in her beak, and she and the king began to feed their young ones.

"Now for it!" said the bear; and was about to follow them, to see what was to be seen.

"Stop a little, master Bruin," said the wolf, "we must wait now till their majesties are gone again."

So they marked the hole where they had seen the nest, and went away. But the bear, being very eager to see the royal palace, soon came back again, and

peeping into the nest, saw five or six young birds lying at the bottom of it.

"What nonsense!" said Bruin, "this is not a royal palace: I never saw such a filthy place in my life; and you are no royal children, you little base-born brats!"

As soon as the young tom-tits heard this they were very angry, and screamed out, "We are not base-born, you stupid bear! our father and mother are honest good sort of people: and depend upon it you shall suffer for your insolence!"

At this the wolf and the bear got frightened, and ran away to their dens. But the young tom-tits kept crying and screaming; and when their father and mother came home and offered them food, they all said,

"We will not touch a bit; no, not the leg of a fly, though we should die of hunger, till that rascal Bruin has been punished for calling us base-born brats."

"Make yourself easy, my darlings," said the old king, "you may be sure he shall meet with his deserts."

So he went out and stood before the bear's den, and cried out with a loud voice,

"Bruin the bear! thou hast shamefully insulted our lawful children: we therefore hereby declare bloody and cruel war against thee and thine, which shall never cease until thou hast been punished as thou so richly deservest."

Now when the bear heard this, he called together the ox, the ass, the stag, and all the beasts of the

earth, in order to consult about the means of his defence. And the tom-tit also enlisted on his side all the birds of the air, both great and small, and a very large army of hornets, gnats, bees and flies, and other insects.

As the time approached when the war was to begin, the tom-tit sent out spies to see who was the commander-in-chief of the enemy's forces; and the gnat, who was by far the cleverest spy of them all, flew backwards and forwards in the wood where the enemy's troops were, and at last hid himself under a leaf on a tree, close by which the orders of the day were given out. And the bear, who was standing so near the tree that the gnat could hear all he said, called to the fox and said, "Reynard, you are the cleverest of all the beasts; therefore you shall be our general and lead us to battle: but we must first agree upon some signal by which we may know what you want us to do."

"Behold," said the fox, "I have a fine, long, bushy tail, which is very like a plume of red feathers, and gives me a very warlike air: now remember, when you see me raise up my tail, you may be sure that the battle is won, and you have then nothing to do but to rush down upon the enemy with all your force. On the other hand, if I drop my tail, the day is lost, and you must run away as fast as you can."

Now when the gnat had heard all this, she flew back to the tom-tit and told him everything that had passed.

At length the day came when the battle was to be fought: and as soon as it was light, behold! the army of beasts came rushing forward with such a fearful sound that the earth shook. And his majesty the tom-tit, with his troops, came flying along in war-like array, flapping and fluttering, and beating the air, so that it was quite frightful to hear; and both armies set themselves in order of battle upon the field. Now the tom-tit gave orders to a troop of hornets that at the first onset they should march straight towards Captain Reynard, and fixing themselves about his tail, should sting him with all their might and main. The hornets did as they were told; and when Reynard felt the first sting, he started aside and shook one of his legs, but still held up his tail with wonderful bravery; at the second sting he was forced to drop his tail for a moment; but when the third hornet had fixed itself, he could bear it no longer, but slapped his tail between his legs and scampered away as fast as he could. As soon as the beasts saw this, they thought of course all was lost, and scoured across the country in the greatest dismay, leaving the birds masters of the field. And now the king and queen flew back in triumph to their children, and said: "Now, children, eat, drink, be merry, for the victory is ours!" But the young birds said, "No; not till Bruin has humbly begged our pardon for calling us base-born."

So the king flew back to the Bear's den, and cried

out, "Thou villain bear! come forthwith to my abode, and humbly beseech my children to forgive thee the insult thou hast offered them; for, if thou wilt not do this, every bone in thy wretched body shall be broken to pieces." So the bear was forced to crawl out of his den very sulkily, and do what the king bade him; and after that the young birds sat down together, and ate and drank and made merry till midnight.

HOW SIX TRAVELED THROUGH THE WORLD

THERE was once a man who understood a variety of arts; he had served in the army, where he had behaved very bravely, but when the war came to an end he received his discharge, and three dollars' salary for his services. "Wait a bit! this does not please me," said he; "if I find the right people, I will make the King give me the treasures of the whole kingdom." Thereupon, inflamed with anger, he went into a forest, where he found a man who had just uprooted six trees, as if they were straw, and he asked him whether he would be his servant, and travel with him. "Yes," replied the man; "but I will first take home to my mother this bundle of firewood"; and, taking up one of the trees, he wound it round the other five, and, raising the bundle upon his shoulder, bore it away. Soon he returned, and said to his master, "We two shall travel well through the world!" They had not gone far before they came up with a hunter who was kneeling upon one knee, and preparing to take aim with his gun. The master asked him what he was going to shoot, and he replied, "Two miles from hence sits a fly upon the branch of an oak-tree, whose left eye I wish to shoot out."

"Oh, go with me!" said the man, "for if we three are together, we must pass easily through the world."

The huntsman consented, and went with him, and soon they arrived at seven windmills, whose sails were going round at a rattling pace, although right or left there was no wind and not a leaf stirring. At this sight the man said, "I wonder what drives these mills, for there is no breeze!" and they went on; but they had not proceeded more than two miles when they saw a man sitting upon a tree who held one nostril while he blew out of the other. "My good fellow," said our hero, "what are you driving up there?"

"Did you not see," replied the man, "two miles from hence, seven windmills? it is those which I am blowing, that the sails may go round."

"Oh, then, come with me," said our hero, "for, if four people like us travel together, we shall soon get through the world."

So the blower got up and accompanied him, and in a short while they met with another man standing upon one leg, with the other leg unbuckled and lying by his side. The leader of the others said, "You have done this, no doubt, to rest yourself?" "Yes," replied the man, "I am a runner, and in order that I may not spring along too quickly I have unbuckled one of my legs, for when I wear both I go as fast as a bird can fly."

"Well, then, come with me," said our hero; "five such fellows as we are will soon get through the world."

The five heroes went on together, and soon met a sick man who had a hat which he wore quite over one ear. The captain of the others said to him, "Manners! manners! don't hang your hat on one side like that; you look like a simpleton!"

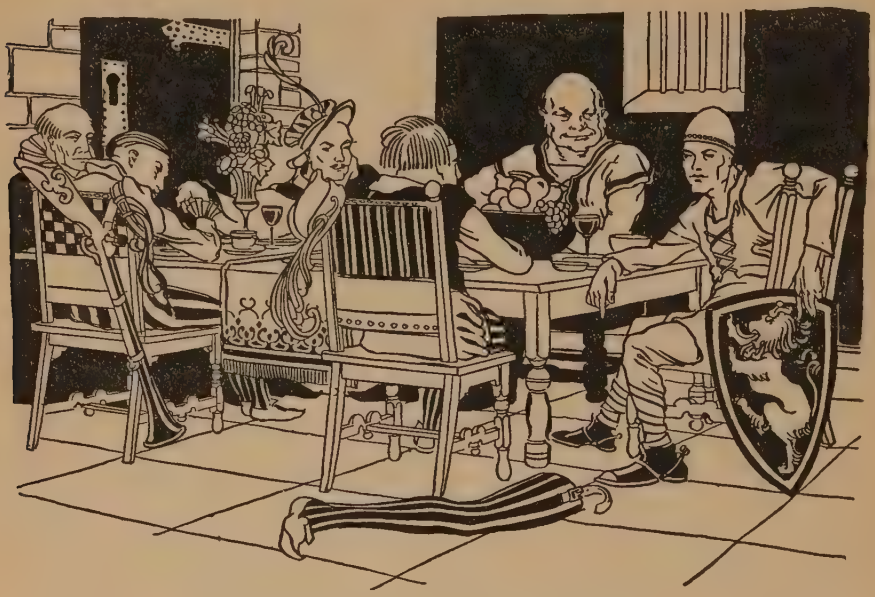
"I dare not do so," replied the other; "for, if I set my hat straight, there will come so sharp a frost that the birds in the sky will freeze and fall dead upon the ground."

"Then come with me," said our hero, "for it is odd if six fellows like us cannot travel quickly through the world."

These six new companions went into a city where the King had proclaimed that whoever should run a race with his daughter, and bear away the prize, should become her husband; but if he lost the race he should also lose his head. This was mentioned to our hero, who said that he would have his servant run for him; but the King told him that in that case he must agree that his servant's life, as well as his own, should be sacrificed if the wager were lost. To this he agreed and swore, and then he bade his runner buckle on his other leg, and told him to be careful and to make sure of winning. The wager was, that whoever first brought back water from a distant spring should be victor. Accordingly the runner and the princess both received a cup, and they both began to run at the same moment. But the princess had not proceeded many steps before the runner was quite out of sight, and it seemed as

if but a puff of wind had passed. In a short time he came to the spring, and, filling his cup, he turned back again, but had not gone very far, before, feeling tired, he set his cup down again, and laid down to take a nap. He made his pillow of a horse's skull which lay upon the ground; thinking, from its being hard, that he would soon awake. Meantime the princess, who was a better runner than many of the men at court, had arrived at the spring, and was returning with her cup of water, when she perceived her opponent lying asleep. In great joy she exclaimed, "My enemy is given into my own hands!" and, emptying his cup, she ran on faster still. All would now have been lost, if, by good luck, the huntsman had not been standing on the castle, looking on with his sharp eyes. When he saw the princess was gaining the advantage, he loaded his gun and shot so cleverly that he carried away the horse's skull under the runner's head, without doing the man any injury. This awoke him, and, jumping up, he found his cup empty and the princess far in advance. However, he did not lose courage, but ran back again to the spring, and, filling his cup, returned home ten minutes earlier than his opponent. "See you," said he, "now I have used my legs, the former was not worth calling running." The King was disgusted, and his daughter not less, that a common soldier should carry off the prize, and they consulted together how they should get rid of him and his companions. At last the King said, "Do not dis-

tress yourself, my dear: I have found a way to prevent their return." Then he called to the six travelers, and, saying to them, "You must now eat and drink and be merry," he led them into a room with a floor of iron, doors of iron, and the windows guarded with



In the room was a table set with delicacies.

iron bars. In the room was a table set out with choice delicacies, and the King invited them to enter and refresh themselves, and as soon as they were inside he locked and bolted all the doors. That done, he summoned the cook, and commanded him to keep a fire lighted beneath till the iron was red hot. The cook obeyed, and the six companions, sitting at table, soon began to feel warm, and at first thought it arose

from eating; but, as it kept getting warmer and warmer, they rose to leave the room, and found the doors and windows all fast. Then they perceived that the King had some wicked design in hand, and wished to suffocate them. "But he shall not succeed!" cried the man with the hat; "I will summon such a frost as shall put to shame and crush this fire"; and, so saying, he put his hat on straight, and immediately such a frost fell that all the heat disappeared, and even the meats upon the dishes began to freeze. When two hours had passed, the King thought they would be stifled, and he caused the door to be opened, and went in himself to see after them. But, as soon as the door was opened, there stood all six fresh and lively, and requested to come out to warm themselves, for the cold in the room had been so intense that all the dishes were frozen! In a great passion the King went down to the Cook and scolded him, and asked why he had not obeyed his instructions. The Cook, however, pointing to the fire, said, "There is heat enough there, I should think!" and the King was obliged to own there was, and he saw clearly that he should not be able to get rid of his visitors in that way.

The King now began to think afresh how he could free himself, and he caused the master to be summoned, and said, "Will you not take money, and give up your right to my daughter? If so, you shall have as much as you wish."

"Well, my lord King," replied the man, "just

give me as much as my servant can carry, and you are welcome to keep your daughter."

This answer pleased the King very much, and our hero said that he would come and fetch the sum in fourteen days. During that time he collected all the tailors in the kingdom, and made them sew him a sack, which took up all that time. As soon as it was ready, the Strong Man, who had uprooted the trees, took the sack upon his shoulder, and carried it to the King. At the sight of him the King said, "What a powerful fellow this must be, carrying this great sack upon his shoulders!" and, sorely frightened, he wondered how much gold he would slip in. The King first of all caused a ton of gold to be brought, which required sixteen ordinary men to lift; but the Strong Man, taking it up with one hand, shoved it into the sack, saying, "Why do you not bring more at a time? this scarcely covers the bottom of the sack." Then by degrees the King caused all his treasures to be brought, which the Strong Man put in, and yet they did not half fill his sack. "Bring more, more!" said he; "these are only a couple of crumbs." Then they were obliged to bring seven thousand wagons laden with gold, and all these the man pushed into his sack—gold, wagons, oxen, and all. Still it was not full, and the Strong Man offered to take whatever they brought, if they would but fill his sack. When everything that they could find was put in, the man said, "Well, I must make an end to this; and,

besides, if one's sack is not quite full, why, it can be tied up so much easier!" and so saying, he hoisted it upon his back, and went away, and his companions with him.

When the King saw this one man bearing away all the riches of his kingdom, he got into a tremendous passion, and ordered his cavalry to pursue the six men, and at all risks to bring back the Strong Man with the sack. Two regiments accordingly pursued them quickly, and shouted out to them, "You are our prisoners! lay down the sack of gold, or you will be hewn to pieces!"

"What is that you are saying?" asked the Blower; "you will make us prisoners? but first you shall have a dance in the air!" So saying, he held one nostril, and blew with the other the two regiments right away into the blue sky, so that one flew over the hills on the right side and the other on the left. One sergeant begged for mercy; he had nine wounds, and was a brave fellow undeserving of such disgrace. So the Blower sent after him a gentle puff which brought him back without harming him, and then sent him back to the King with a message that, whatever number of knights he might yet send, all would be blown into the air like the first lot. When the King heard this message, he said, "Let the fellows go! they will meet with their deserts!" So the six companions took home all the wealth of that kingdom, and, sharing it with one another, lived contentedly all the rest of their days.

THE GOLDEN BIRD

ALONG, long while ago there was a King who had, adjoining his palace, a fine pleasure-garden, in which stood a tree which bore golden apples; and as soon as the apples were ripe they were counted, but the next day one was missed. This vexed the King very much, and he ordered that watch should be kept every night beneath the tree; and having three sons he sent the eldest, when evening set in, into the garden; but about midnight the youth fell into a deep sleep, and in the morning another apple was missing. The next night the second son had to watch, but he also fared no better; for about midnight he fell fast asleep, and another apple was wanting in the morning. The turn was come now to the third son, who was eager to go; but the King hesitated for a long time, thinking he would be even less wakeful than his brothers, but at last he consented. The youth lay down under the tree and watched steadily, without letting sleep be his master; and, just as twelve o'clock struck, something rustled in the air, and, looking up, he saw a bird flying by whose feathers were of bright gold. The bird lighted upon the tree, and had just picked off one of the apples, when the youth shot a bolt at it, which did not prevent its flying away, but one of its golden feathers dropped off. The youth

took the feather up, and, showing it the next morning to the King, told him what he had seen during the night. Thereupon the King assembled his council, and every one declared that a single feather like this was worth a kingdom. "Well, then," said the King, "if this feather is so costly, I must and will have the whole bird, for one feather is of no use to me." The eldest son was now sent out on his travels, and, relying on his own prudence, he doubted not that he should find the golden bird. When he had walked about a mile he saw sitting at the edge of a forest a Fox, at which he leveled his gun; but it cried out, "Do not shoot me, and I will give you a piece of good advice! You are now on the road to the golden bird, and this evening you will come into a village, where two inns stand opposite to each other: one will be brightly lit up and much merriment will be going on inside, but turn not in there; enter rather into the other, though it seem a poor place to you."

The young man, however, thought to himself, "How can such a silly beast give me rational advice?" and going nearer, he shot at the Fox; but he missed, and the Fox ran away with its tail in the air. After this adventure he walked on, and towards evening came to the village where stood the two public-houses, in one of which singing and dancing was going on, while the other looked a very ill-conditioned house. "I should be a simpleton," said he to himself, "if I were to go into this dirty inn while that capital one

stood opposite." So he entered the dancing-room, and there, living in feasting and rioting, he forgot the golden bird, his father, and all good manners.

As time passed by and the eldest son did not return home, the second son set out also on his travels to seek the golden bird. The Fox met him as it had his brother, and gave him good counsel which he did not follow. He likewise arrived at the two inns, and out of the window of the riotous house his brother leaned, and invited him in. He could not resist, and entered, and lived there only to gratify his pleasures.

Again a long time elapsed with no news of either brother, and the youngest wished to go and try his luck; but his father would not consent. "It is useless," said he; "you are still less likely than your brothers to find the golden bird, and, if a misfortune should happen to you, you cannot help yourself, for you are not very quick." The King at last, however, was forced to consent, for he had no rest while he refused.

On the edge of the forest the Fox was again sitting, and again he offered in return for his life the same piece of good advice. The youth was good-hearted and said, "Be not afraid, little Fox; I will do you no harm."

"You shall not repent of your goodness," replied the Fox; "but, that you may travel quicker, get up behind on my tail."

Scarcely had he seated himself when away they went, over stones and sticks, so fast that his hair whistled in the wind.

As soon as they arrived at the village the youth dismounted, and following the advice he had received, turned, without looking round, into the mean-looking house, where he passed the night comfortably. The next morning, when he went into the fields, he found

"That you may travel quicker, get up behind on my tail."

the Fox already there, who said, "I will tell you what further you must do. Go straight forward, and you will come to a castle before which a whole troop of soldiers will be sleeping and snoring; be not frightened at them, but go right through the middle of the troop into the castle, and through all the rooms, till you come into a chamber where a golden bird hangs in a wooden cage. Near by stands an empty golden cage for show, but take care you do not take the bird out

of its ugly cage, or place it in the golden one, or you will fare badly." With these words the Fox again stretched out its tail, and the King's son riding as before, away they went over sticks and stones, till their hair whistled in the wind from the pace they traveled at. When they arrived at the castle the youth found everything as the Fox had said. He soon discovered the room where the golden bird sat in its wooden cage, and by it stood the golden one, and three golden apples were lying around. The youth thought it would be a pity to take the bird in such an ugly and dirty cage, and opening the door he put it in the splendid one. At the moment he did this the bird set up a piercing shriek, which woke the soldiers, who started up and made him a prisoner. The next morning he was brought to trial, and when he confessed all he was condemned to death. Still the King said he would spare his life under one condition, namely, if he brought to him the golden horse which traveled faster than the wind, and then for a reward he should also receive the golden bird.

The young Prince walked out, sighing and sorrowful, for where was he to find the golden horse? All at once he saw his old friend the Fox, who said, "There, you see what has happened because you did not mind what I said. But be of good courage; I will protect you and tell you where you may find the horse. You must follow this road straight till you come to a castle: in the stable there this horse stands. Before the door

a boy will lie fast asleep and snoring, so you must lead away the horse quietly; but there is one thing you must mind: put on his back the old saddle of wood and leather, and not the golden one which hangs close by, for if you do it will be very unlucky." So saying, the Fox stretched out his tail, and again they went as fast as the wind. Everything was as the Fox had said, and the youth went into the stall where the golden horse was; but, as he was about to put on the dirty saddle, he thought it would be a shame if he did not put on such a fine animal the saddle which appeared to belong to him, and so he took up the golden saddle. Scarcely had it touched the back of the horse when it set up a loud neigh, which awoke the stable-boys, who put our hero into confinement. The next morning he was condemned to death; but the King promised to give him his life and the horse, if he would bring the Beautiful Daughter of the King of the Golden Castle.

With a heavy heart the youth set out, and by great good fortune soon met the Fox. "I should have left you in your misfortune," said he; "but I felt compassion for you, and am willing once more to help you out of your trouble. Your road to the palace lies straight before you, and when you arrive there, about evening, wait till night, when the Princess goes to take a bath. And as soon as she enters the bath-house, you spring up and give her a kiss, and she will follow you wheresoever you will; only take care

that she does not take leave of her parents first, or all will be lost."

With these words the Fox again stretched out his tail, and the King's son seating himself thereon, away they went over stone and stick like the wind. When they arrived at the golden palace, the youth found everything as the Fox had foretold, and he waited till midnight when everybody was in a deep sleep, and at that hour the beautiful Princess went to her bath, and he sprang up instantly and kissed her. The Princess said she was willing to go with him, but begged him earnestly, with tears in her eyes, to permit her first to take leave of her parents. At first he withstood her prayers; but, when she wept still more and even fell at his feet, he at last consented. Scarcely had the maiden stepped up to her father's bedside, when he awoke, and all the others who were asleep awakening too, the poor youth was captured and put in prison.

The next morning the King said to him, "Thy life is forfeited, and thou canst only find mercy if thou clearest away the mountain which lies before my window, and over which I cannot see; but thou must remove it within eight days. If thou accomplish this, then thou shalt have my daughter as a reward."

The King's son at once began digging and shovelling away; but when, after seven days, he saw how little was effected and that all his work went for nothing, he fell into great grief and gave up all hope. But on

the evening of the seventh day the Fox appeared and said, "You do not deserve that I should notice you again, but go away and sleep while I work for you."

When he awoke the next morning, and looked out of the window, the hill had disappeared, and he hastened to the King full of joy, and told him the conditions were fulfilled; and now, whether he liked it or not, the King was obliged to keep his word, and give up his daughter.

Away then went these two together, and no long time had passed before they met the faithful Fox. "You have the best certainly," said he, "but to the Maid of the golden castle belongs also the golden horse."

"How shall I obtain it?" inquired the youth.

"That I will tell you," answered the Fox; "first take to the King who sent you to the golden castle the beautiful Princess. Then there will be unheard-of joy, and they will readily give you the golden horse and lead you to it. You mount it, and then give your hand to each for a parting shake, and last of all to the Princess, whom you must keep tight hold of, and pull her up behind you, and as soon as that is done ride off, and no one can pursue you, for the horse goes as fast as the wind." All this was happily accomplished, and the King's son led away the beautiful Princess in triumph on the golden horse. The Fox did not remain behind, and said to the Prince, "Now I will help you to the golden bird. When you come

near the castle where it is, let the maiden get down, and I will take her into my cave. Then you ride into the castle yard, and at the sight of you there will be such joy that they will readily give you the bird;

Onward he rode with his beautiful companion.

and as soon as you hold the cage in your hand ride back to us, and fetch again the maiden."

As soon as this deed was done, and the Prince had ridden back with his treasure, the Fox said, "Now you must reward me for my services."

"What do you desire?" asked the youth.

"When we come into yonder wood, shoot me dead and cut off my head and feet."

"That were a curious gratitude," said the Prince; "I cannot possibly do that."

"If you will not do it, I must leave you," replied the Fox; "but before I depart I will give you one piece of counsel. Beware of these two points: buy no gallows-flesh, and sit not on the brink of a spring!" With these words it ran into the forest.

The young Prince thought, "Ah, that is a wonderful animal, with some curious fancies! Who would buy gallows-flesh? and I don't see the pleasure of sitting on the brink of a spring!" Onwards he rode with his beautiful companion, and by chance the way led him through the village where his two brothers had stopped. There he found a great uproar and lamentation; and when he asked the reason, he was told that two persons were about to be hanged. When he came nearer, he saw that they were his two brothers, who had done some villainous deeds, besides spending all their money. He inquired if they could not be freed, and was told by the people that he might buy them off if he would, but they were not worth his gold, and deserved nothing but hanging. Nevertheless, he did not hesitate, but paid down the money, and his two brothers were released.

After this they all four set out in company, and soon came to the forest where they had first met the Fox; and as it was cool and pleasant beneath the trees, for the sun was very hot, the two brothers said, "Come, let us rest awhile here by this spring, and eat and drink." The youngest consented, forgetting in the heat of conversation the warning he had received, and

feeling no anxiety; but all at once the brothers threw him backwards into the water, and taking the maiden, the horse, and the bird, went home to their father. "We bring you," said they to him, "not only the golden bird, but also the golden horse and the Princess of the golden castle." At their arrival there was great joy; but the horse would not eat, the bird would not sing, and the maiden would not speak, but would cry bitterly.

The youngest brother, however, was not dead. The spring, by great good luck, was dry, and he fell upon soft moss without any injury; but he could not get out again. Even in this necessity the faithful Fox did not leave him, but soon came up, and scolded him for not following his advice. "Still I cannot forsake you," said he; "I will again help you into daylight. Hold fast upon my tail, and I will draw you up to the top." When this was done the Fox said, "You are not yet out of danger, for your brothers are not satisfied of your death, and have set watches all round the forest, who are to kill you if they should see you."

The youth thereupon changed clothes with a poor old man who was sitting near, and in that guise went to the King's palace. Nobody knew him; but instantly the bird began to sing, the horse began to eat, and the beautiful maiden ceased weeping. Bewildered at this change, the King asked what it meant. "I know not," replied the maiden; "but I who was sad am now gay,

for I feel as if my true husband were returned." Then she told him all that had happened; although the other brothers had threatened her with death if she disclosed anything. And the King summoned before him all the people who were in the castle, and among them came the poor youth, dressed as a beggar, in his rags; but the maiden knew him, and fell upon his neck. The wicked brothers were seized and tried; but the youngest married the Princess, and succeeded to the King's inheritance.

But what had happened to the poor Fox? Long after, the Prince went once again into the wood; the Fox met him, and said, "You have now everything that you can desire, but to my misfortune there is no end; although it lies in your power to release me." And, with tears, he begged him to cut off his head and feet. At last he did so; and scarcely was it accomplished when the Fox became a man, who was no other than the brother of the Princess, delivered at length from the charm which bound him. From that day to this nothing was ever wanting to the happiness of the Hero of the Golden Bird.

THE MAN WHO LEARNED TO SHIVER

A FATHER had two sons, the elder of whom was forward and clever enough to do almost anything; but the younger was so stupid that he could learn nothing, and when the people saw him they said, "Will thy father still keep thee as a burden to him?" So if anything was to be done, the elder had at all times to do it; but sometimes the father would call him to fetch something in the dead of night, and perhaps the way led through the churchyard or by a dismal place, and then he used to answer, "No, father, I cannot go there, I am afraid," for he was a coward. Or sometimes, of an evening, tales were told by the fireside which made one shudder, and the listeners exclaimed, "Oh, it makes us shiver!" In a corner, meanwhile, sat the younger son listening, but he could not comprehend what was said, and he thought, "They say continually, 'Oh, it makes us shiver, it makes us shiver!' but perhaps shivering is an art which I cannot comprehend." One day, however, his father said to him, "Do you hear, you there in the corner? You are growing stout and big; you must learn some trade to get your living by. Do you see how your brother works? But as for you, you are not worth malt and hops."

"Ah, father!" answered he, "I would willingly learn something. What shall I begin? I want to know what shivering means, for of that I can understand nothing."

The elder brother laughed when he heard this speech, and thought to himself, "Ah! my brother is such a simpleton that he cannot earn his own living. He who would be a woodcutter must stoop betimes." But the father sighed and said, "What shivering means you may learn soon enough, but you will never get your bread by that."

Soon after the parish sexton came in for a gossip, so the father told him his troubles, and how that his younger son was such a simpleton that he knew nothing, and could learn nothing. "Just fancy, when I asked him how he intended to earn his bread, he desired to learn what shivering meant." "Oh, if that be all," answered the sexton, "he can learn that soon enough with me; just send him to my place, and I will soon teach him." The father was very glad, because he thought that it would do the boy good; so the sexton took him home to ring the bells. About two days afterwards he called him up at midnight to go into the church tower to toll the bell. "You shall soon learn what shivering means," thought the sexton, and getting up he went out. As soon as the boy reached the belfry, and turned himself round to seize the rope, he saw upon the stairs, near the sounding hole, a white figure. "Who's there?" he called out; but the figure

gave no answer, and neither stirred nor spoke. "Answer," said the boy, "or make haste off; you have no business here to-night." But the sexton did not stir, so that the boy might think that it was a ghost.

The boy called out a second time, "What are you doing here? Speak, if you are an honest fellow, or else I will throw you down-stairs."

The sexton said to himself, "That is not a bad thought," but he remained quiet as if he were a stone. Then the boy called out for the third time, but it produced no effect; so, making a spring, he threw the ghost down the stairs, so that it rolled ten steps and then lay motionless in a corner. Thereupon he rang the bell, and then going home he lay down without saying a word, and fell fast asleep. The sexton's wife waited some time for her husband, but he did not come; so at last she became anxious, woke the boy, and asked him if he knew where her husband was, who had gone before him to the tower.

"No," answered the boy; "but there was some one standing on the steps, who would not give any answer, nor go away, so I took him for a thief and threw him down-stairs. Go now, and see where he is; perhaps it may be he, but I should be sorry for it." The wife ran off, and found her husband lying in a corner, groaning, with one of his ribs broken.

She took him up and ran with loud outcries to the boy's father, and told him, "Your son has brought a great misfortune on us; he has thrown my husband

down and broken his bones. Take the good-for-nothing fellow from our house."

The terrified father came in haste and scolded the boy. "What do these wicked tricks mean? They will only bring misfortune upon you."

"Father," answered the lad, "hear me! I am quite innocent. He stood there at midnight, like one who had done some evil; I did not know who it was, and cried three times, 'Speak, or be off!'"

"Ah!" said the father, "everything goes badly with you. Get out of my sight; I do not wish to see you again."

"Yes, father, willingly; wait but one day, then will I go out and learn what shivering means. I now understand one business which will support me."

"Learn what you will," replied the father; "all is the same to me. Here are fifty dollars; go forth with them into the world, and tell no man whence you came, or who your father is, for I am ashamed of you."

"Yes, father, as you wish; if you desire nothing else, I shall esteem *that* very lightly."

As soon as day broke, the youth put his fifty dollars into a knapsack, and went out upon the high road, saying continually, "Oh, if I could but shiver!"

Presently a man came up, who heard the boy talking to himself; and as they were just passing the place where the gallows stood, the man said, "Do you see? There is the tree where seven fellows have married the hempen maid, and now swing to and fro.

Sit yourself down there and wait till midnight, and then you will know what it is to shiver."

"Oh, if that be all," answered the boy, "I can very easily do that. But if I learn so speedily what shivering is, then you shall have my fifty dollars if you come again in the morning."

Then the boy went to the gallows, sat down, and waited for evening; and, as he felt cold, he made a fire. But about midnight the wind blew so sharp that, in spite of the fire, he could not keep himself warm. The wind blew the bodies against one another so that they swung backwards and forwards, and he thought, "If I am cold here below by the fire, how must they freeze and tremble above!" So his compassion was excited, and contriving a ladder, he mounted, and unloosening them one after another, he brought down all seven. Then he poked and blew the fire, and sat them round that they might warm themselves; but, as they sat still without moving, their clothing caught fire. So he said, "Take care of yourselves, or I will hang all of you up again." The dead heard not, and silently allowed their rags to burn. This made him so angry that he said, "If you will not hear, I cannot help you; but I will not burn with you!" So he hung them up again in a row, and sitting down by the fire he soon went to sleep. The next morning the man came, expecting to receive his fifty dollars, and asked, "Now do you know what shivering means?" "No," he answered; "how should I know? Those

fellows up there have not opened their mouths, and were so stupid that they let the old rags on their bodies be burnt." Then the man saw that he should not carry away the fifty dollars that day, so he went away saying, "I never met with such an one before."

The boy also went on his way, and began again to say, "Ah, if only I could but shiver; if I could but shiver!" A wagoner walking behind overheard him, and asked, "Who are you?"

"I do not know," answered the boy.

The wagoner asked again, "What do you here?"

"I know not."

"Who is your father?"

"I dare not say."

"What is it you are continually grumbling about?"

"Oh," replied the youth, "I wish to learn what shivering is, but nobody can teach me."

"Cease your silly talk," said the wagoner. "Come with me, and I will see what I can do for you." So the boy went with the wagoner, and about evening time they arrived at an inn where they put up for the night, and while they were going into the parlour he said, quite aloud, "Oh, if I could but shiver, if I could but shiver!" The host overheard him, and said, laughingly, "Oh, if that is all you wish, you shall soon have the opportunity." "Hold your tongue," said his wife; "so many imprudent people have already lost their lives, it were a shame and sin to such beautiful eyes that they should not see the light again." But

the youth said, "If it were ever so difficult I would at once learn it; for that reason I left home"; and he never let the host have any peace till he told him that not far off stood an enchanted castle, where any one might soon learn to shiver if he would watch there three nights. The King had promised his daughter in marriage to whomever would venture, and she was the most beautiful young lady that the sun ever shone upon. And he further told him that inside the castle there was an immense amount of treasure, guarded by evil spirits; enough to make any one free, and turn a poor man into a very rich one. Many had, he added, already ventured into this castle, but no one had ever come out again.

The next morning this youth went to the King, and said, "If you will allow me, I wish to watch three nights in the enchanted castle." The King looked at him, and because his appearance pleased him, he said, "You may make three requests, but they must be inanimate things you ask for, and such as you can take with you into the castle." So the youth asked for a fire, a lathe, and a cutting-board.

The King let him take these things by day into the castle, and when it was evening the youth went in and made himself a bright fire in one of the rooms, and, placing his cutting-board and knife near it, he sat down upon his lathe. "Ah, if I could but shiver!" said he. "But even here I shall never learn." At midnight he got up to stir the fire, and, as he poked it,

there shrieked suddenly in one corner, "Miau, miau, how cold I am!" "You simpleton!" he exclaimed, "what are you shrieking for; if you are so cold, come and sit down by the fire and warm yourself!" As he was speaking two great black cats sprang up to him with an immense jump, and sat down one on each side, looking at him quite wildly with their fiery eyes. When they had warmed themselves for a little while they said, "Comrade, shall we have a game of cards?" "Certainly," he replied; "but let me see your paws first." So they stretched out their claws, and he said, "Ah, what long nails you have got; wait a bit, I must cut them off first"; and so saying, he caught them up by their necks and put them on his board and screwed their feet down. "Since I have seen what you are about I have lost my relish for a game at cards," said he, and instantly killing them, threw them away into the water. But no sooner had he quieted these two, and thought of sitting down again by his fire, than there came out of every hole and corner black cats and black dogs, with glowing chains, continually more and more, so that he could not hide himself. They howled fearfully, and jumped upon his fire and scattered it about as if they would extinguish it. He looked on quietly for some time, but at last getting angry he took up his knife and called out, "Away with you, you vagabonds!" and chasing them about, a part ran off, and the rest he killed and threw into the pond. As soon as he returned he blew up the sparks of his fire again

and warmed himself, and while he sat, his eyes began to feel very heavy and he wished to go to sleep. So looking round he saw a great bed in one corner in which he lay down; but no sooner had he closed his eyes, than the bed began to move of itself and traveled all around the castle. "Just so," said he, "only better still"; whereupon the bed galloped away as if six horses pulled it up and down steps and stairs, until at last all at once it overset, bottom upwards, and lay upon him like a mountain; but up he got, threw pillows and mattresses into the air, and saying, "Now, he who wishes may travel," laid himself down by the fire and slept till day broke. In the morning the King came, and seeing the youth lying on the ground, he thought that the spectres had killed him, and that he was dead; so he said, "It is a great misfortune that the finest men are thus killed"; but the youth, hearing this, sprang up, saying, "It is not come to that with me yet!" The King was much astonished, but still very glad, and asked him how he had fared. "Very well," replied he; "as one night has passed, so also may the other two." Soon after he met his landlord, who opened his eyes when he saw him. "I never thought to see you alive again," said he; "have you learnt now what shivering means?" "No," said he; "it is all of no use. Oh, if any one would but tell me!"

The second night he went up again into the castle, and sitting down by the fire began his old song, "If I could but shiver!" When midnight came, a ringing

and rattling noise was heard, gentle at first, and louder and louder by degrees; then there was a pause, and presently with a loud outcry half a man's body came down the chimney and fell at his feet. "Holloa!" he exclaimed, "only half a man answered that ringing; that is too little." Then the ringing began afresh, and a roaring and howling was heard and the other half fell down. "Wait a bit," said he; "I will poke up the fire first." When he had done so and looked round again, the two pieces had joined themselves together, and an ugly man was sitting in his place. "I did not bargain for that," said the youth; "the bench is mine." The man tried to push him away, but the youth would not let him, and giving him a violent push set himself down in his old place. Presently more men fell down the chimney, one after the other, who brought nine thigh bones and two skulls, which they set up, and then they began to play at ninepins. At this the youth wished also to play, so he asked whether he might join them. "Yes, if you have money!" "Money enough," he replied, "but your balls are not quite round"; so saying he took up the skulls, and, placing them on his lathe, turned them round. "Ah, now you will roll well," said he. "Holloa! now we will go at it merrily." So he played with them and lost some of his money, but as it struck twelve everything disappeared. Then he lay down and went to sleep quietly. On the morrow the King came for news, and asked him how he had fared this

time. "I have been playing ninepins," he replied, "and lost a couple of dollars." "Have you not shivered?" "No! I have enjoyed myself very much; but I wish some one would teach me that!"

On the third night he sat down again on his bench, saying in great vexation, "Oh, if I could only shiver!" When it grew late, six tall men came in bearing a coffin between them. "Ah, ah," said he, "that is surely my little cousin, who died two days ago"; and beckoning with his finger he called, "Come, little cousin, come!" The men set down the coffin upon the ground, and he went up and took off the lid, and there lay a dead man within, and as he felt the face it was as cold as ice. "Stop a moment," he cried; "I will warm it in a trice"; and stepping up to the fire he warmed his hands, and then laid them upon the face, but it remained cold. So he took up the body, and sitting down by the fire, he laid it on his lap and rubbed the arms that the blood might circulate again. But all this was of no avail, and he thought to himself if two lie in a bed together they warm each other; so he put the body in the bed, and covering it up laid himself down by its side. After a little while the body became warm and began to move about. "See, my cousin," he exclaimed, "have I not warmed you?" But the body got up and exclaimed, "Now I will strangle you." "Is that your gratitude?" cried the youth. "Then you shall get into your coffin again"; and, taking it up, he threw

the body in, and made the lid fast. Then the six men came in again and bore it away. "Oh, deary me," said he, "I shall never be able to shiver if I stop here all my lifetime!" At these words in came a man who was taller than all the others, and looked more horrible; but he was very old and had a long white beard. "Oh, you wretch," he exclaimed, "now thou shalt learn what shivering means, for thou shalt die!"

"Not so quick," answered the youth; "if I die I must be brought to it first."

"I will quickly seize you," replied the ugly one.

"Softly, softly; be not too sure. I am as strong as you, and perhaps stronger."

"That we will see," said the ugly man. "If you are stronger than I, I will let you go; come, let us try!" and he led him away through a dark passage to a smith's forge. Then taking up an axe he cut through the anvil at one blow down to the ground. "I can do that still better," said the youth, and went to another anvil, while the old man followed him and watched him with his long beard hanging down. Then the youth took up an axe, and, splitting the anvil in one blow, wedged the old man's beard in it. "Now I have you; now death comes upon you!" and, taking up an iron bar, he beat the old man until he groaned, and begged him to stop and he would give him great riches. So the youth drew out the axe, and let him loose. Then the old man, leading him back into the castle, showed him three chests full of gold in a cellar.

"One share of this," said he, "belongs to the poor, another to the King, and the third to yourself." And just then it struck twelve and the old man vanished, leaving the youth in the dark. "I must help myself

"Oh! that makes me shiver!"

out here," said he, and groping round he found his way back to his room and went to sleep by the fire.

The next morning the King came and inquired, "Now have you learnt to shiver?" "No," replied the youth; "what is it? My dead cousin came here, and a bearded man, who showed me a lot of gold down below; but what shivering means no one has showed me!" Then the King said, "You have won the castle, and shall marry my daughter."

"This is all very fine," replied the youth, "but still I don't know what shivering means."

So the gold was fetched, and the wedding was celebrated, but the young Prince (for the youth was a Prince now), notwithstanding his love for his bride, and his great contentment, was still continually crying, "If I could but shiver! if I could but shiver!" At last it fell out in this wise: one of the chambermaids said to the Princess, "Let me bring in my aid to teach him what shivering is." So she went to the brook which flowed through the garden, and drew up a pail of water full of little fish; and, at night, when the young Prince was asleep, his bride drew away the covering and poured the pail of cold water and the little fish over him, so that they slipped all about him. Then the Prince woke up directly, calling out, "Oh! that makes me shiver! dear wife, that makes me shiver. Yes, now I know what shivering means!"

PETER THE GOATHERD

IN the wilds of Hartz Forest there is a high mountain, where the fairies and goblins dance by night, and where they say the great Emperor Frederic Barbarossa still holds his court among the caverns. Now and then he shows himself and punishes those whom he dislikes, or gives some rich gift to the lucky wight whom he takes it into his head to befriend. He sits on a throne of marble with his red beard sweeping on the ground, and once or twice in a long course of years rouses himself for a while from the trance in which he is buried, but soon falls again into his former forgetfulness. Strange chances have befallen many who have strayed within the range of his court—you shall hear one of them.

A great many years ago there lived in the village at the foot of the mountain, one Peter, a goatherd. Every morning he drove his flock to feed upon the green spots that are here and there found on the mountain's side, and in the evening he sometimes thought it too far to drive his charge home, so he used in such cases to shut it up in a spot amongst the woods, where an old ruined wall was left standing, high enough to form a fold, in which he could count his goats and rest in peace for the night. One evening he found that the prettiest goat of his flock had vanished soon after

they were driven into this fold, but was there again in the morning. Again and again he watched, and the same strange thing happened. He thought he would look still more narrowly, and soon found a cleft in the old wall, through which it seemed that his favourite made her way. Peter followed, scrambling as well as he could down the side of the rock, and wondered not a little, on overtaking his goat, to find it employing itself very much at its ease in a cavern, eating corn, which kept dropping from some place above. He went into the cavern and looked about him to see where all this corn, that rattled about his ears like a hail-storm, could come from: but all was dark, and he could find no clue to this strange business. At last, as he stood listening, he thought he heard the neighing and stamping of horses. He listened again; it was plainly so; and after a while he was sure that horses were feeding above him, and that the corn fell from their mangers. What could these horses be, which were thus kept in a mountain where none but the goat's foot ever trod? Peter pondered a while! but his wonder only grew greater and greater, when on a sudden a little page came forth and beckoned him to follow; he did so, and came at last to a court-yard surrounded by an old wall. The spot seemed the bosom of the valley; above rose on every hand high masses of rock; wide branching trees threw their arms overhead, so that nothing but a glimmering twilight made its way through; and here, on the cool smooth

shaven turf, were twelve old knights, who looked very grave and sober, but were amusing themselves with a game of ninepins.

Not a word fell from their lips; but they ordered Peter by dumb signs to busy himself in setting up the pins, as they knocked them down. At first his knees trembled, as he dared to snatch a stolen side-long glance at the long beard and old-fashioned dresses of the worthy knights. Little by little, however, he grew bolder; at last he plucked up his heart so far as to take his turn in the draught at the can, which stood beside him and sent up the smell of the richest old wine. This gave him new strength for his work; and as often as he flagged at all, he turned to the same kind friend for help in his need.

Sleep at last overpowered him; and when he awoke he found himself stretched out upon the old spot where he had folded his flock. The same green turf was spread beneath, and the same tottering walls surrounded him: he rubbed his eyes, but neither dog nor goat was to be seen, and when he had looked about him again the grass seemed to be longer under his feet, and trees hung over his head, which he had either never seen before or had forgotten. Shaking his head and hardly knowing whether he were in his right mind, he wound his way among the mountain steeps, through paths where his flocks were wont to wander; but still not a goat was to be seen. Below him in the plain lay the village where his home was, and at length

He took the downward path, and set out with a heavy heart in search of his flock. The people who met him as he drew near to the village were all unknown to him;

When he awoke he found himself upon the old spot.

they were not even drest as his neighbours were, and they seemed as if they hardly spoke the same tongue; and when he eagerly asked after his goats, they only stared at him and stroked their chins At last he did

the same too, and what was his wonder to find that his beard was grown at least a foot long! The world, thought he now to himself, is turned over, or at any rate bewitched; and yet he knew the mountain (as he turned round to gaze upon its woody heights); and he knew the houses and cottages also, with their little gardens, all of which were in the same places as he had always known them; he heard some children, too, call the village by its old name, as a traveler that passed by was asking his way.

Again he shook his head and went straight through the village to his own cottage. Alas! it looked sadly out of repair; and in the courtyard lay an unknown child, in a ragged dress, by the side of a rough, toothless dog, whom he thought he ought to know, but who snarled and barked in his face when he called him to him. He went in at an opening in the wall where a door had once stood, but found all so dreary and empty that he staggered out again like a drunken man, and called his wife and children loudly by their names; but no one heard, at least no one answered him.

A crowd of women and children soon flocked around the long gray bearded man, and all broke upon him at once with the questions, "Who are you?" "Whom do you want?" It seemed to him so odd to ask other people at his own door after his wife and children, that in order to get rid of the crowd he named the first man that came into his head!—

"Hans, the blacksmith!" said he.

Most held their tongues and stared, but at last an old woman said, "He went these seven years ago to a place that you will not reach to-day."

"Frank, the tailor, then!"

"Heaven rest his soul!" said an old beldame upon crutches; "he has laid these ten years in a house that he'll never leave."

Peter looked at the old woman, and shuddered as he saw her to be one of his old friends, only with a strangely altered face. All wish to ask further questions was gone; but at last a young woman made her way through the gaping throng with a baby in her arms, and a little girl about three years old clinging to her other hand; all three looked the very image of his wife.

"What is thy name?" asked he wildly.

"Mary."

"And your father's?"

"Heaven bless him! Peter! It is now twenty years since we sought him day and night on the mountain; his flock came back, but he never was heard of any more. I was then seven years old."

The goatherd could hold no longer.

"I am Peter," cried he; "I am Peter, and no other"; as he took the child from his daughter's arms and kissed it. All stood gaping, and not knowing what to say or think, till at length one voice was heard.

"Why it is Peter!" and then several others cried, "Yes, it is, it is Peter! Welcome, neighbour, welcome home, after twenty long years."

THE OLD WOMAN IN THE WOOD

ONCE upon a time a poor Servant Girl was traveling with her boxes through a wood, and just as she got to the middle of it she found herself in the power of a murdering band of robbers. All at once they sprang out of the brushwood, and came towards her; but she jumped out of her cart in terror, and hid herself behind a tree. As soon as the robbers had disappeared with their booty she came from her hiding-place, and saw her great misfortune. She began to cry bitterly, and said to herself, "What shall I do now, a poor girl like me; I cannot find my way out of the wood; nobody lives here, and I must perish with hunger." She looked about for a road, but could not find one; and when evening came she sat down under a tree, and commending herself to God, determined to remain where she was, whatever might happen. She had not sat there a long while before a little White Pigeon came flying towards her, carrying in his beak a small golden key. The bird put the key into the Girl's hand, and said, "Do you see yon great tree? within it is a cupboard, which is opened with this key, and there you will find food enough, so that you need not suffer hunger any longer." The Girl went to the tree, and unlocking it, found

pure milk in a jug, and white bread fit to break into it; and of these she made a good meal. When she had finished, she said to herself, "At home now the cocks and hens are gone to roost, and I am so tired I should like to go to bed myself. In a moment the Pigeon flew up, bringing another gold key in his bill, and said, "Do you see yon tree? open it and you will find a bed within!" She opened it, and there stood the little white bed; and, after saying her prayers and asking God's protection during the night, she went to sleep. In the morning the Pigeon came for the third time, bringing another key, with which he told the Girl to open a certain tree, and there she would find plenty of clothes. When she did so, she found dresses of all kinds ornamented with gold and precious stones, as beautiful as any princess could desire. And here in this spot the maiden dwelt for a time; while the Pigeon every day brought her what she needed; and it was a very quiet and peaceful life.

One day, however, the Pigeon came and asked the Maiden whether she would do an act of love for him. "With all my heart," was her reply. "I wish you then," said the Pigeon, "to come with me to a little cottage, and to go into it, and there on the hearth you will see an old Woman, who will say 'Good day!' But for my sake give her no answer, let her do what she will; but go past her right hand, and you will see a door which you must open, and pass into a room, where upon a table will lie a number of rings of all

descriptions, and among them several with glittering stones; but leave them alone, and look out a plain one which will be there, and bring it to me as quickly as possible."

The Maiden thereupon went to the cottage, and stepped in; and there sat an old Woman who made a great face when she saw her, but said, "Good day, my child!" The Maiden made no answer, but went towards the door. "Whither are you going?" cried the old Woman, "that is my house, and nobody shall enter it unless I do wish!" and she tried to detain the Maiden by catching hold of her dress. But she silently loosened herself, and went into the room, and saw the heap of rings upon the table, which glittered and shone before her eyes. She threw them aside and searched for the plain ring, but could not find it; and while she searched she saw the old Woman slip in and take up a bird-cage, with which she made off. So the Maid pursued her, and took the bird-cage away from her. As she looked at it she saw the ring in the bill of the bird which was in it. She took the ring and ran home, joyfully expecting the White Pigeon would come and fetch the ring, but he did not. So she leaned herself back against her tree and waited for the bird; but presently the tree became as it were weak and yielding, and its branches began to droop. All at once the boughs bent round, and became two arms; and as the Maiden turned round the tree became a handsome man, who embraced and kissed her, saying, "You

have saved me out of the power of the old Woman, who is an evil witch. She changed me into a tree a long while ago, and every day I became a White Pigeon for a couple of hours; but so long as she had possession of the ring I could not regain my human form." Thereupon his servants and horses recovered also from the enchantment, for they likewise had been changed into trees; and once more they accompanied their master to his kingdom (for he was a King's son), and there he married the Maiden, and they lived happily ever afterwards.

THE TABLE, DONKEY AND STICK

THERE was once a tailor who had three sons and one goat. And the goat, as she nourished them all with her milk, was obliged to have good food, and so she was led every day down to the willows by the water-side; and this business the sons did in turn. One day the eldest took the goat to the churchyard, where the best sprouts are, that she might eat her fill and gambol about.

In the evening, when it was time to go home, he said:

"Well, goat, have you had enough?"

The goat answered:

"I am so full
I cannot pull
Another blade of grass—ba! baa!"

"Then come home," said the youth, and tied a string to her, led her to her stall, and fastened her up.

"Now," said the old tailor, "has the goat had her proper food?"

"Oh," answered the son, "she is so full she no more can pull."

But the father, wishing to see for himself, went out to the stall, stroked his dear goat, and said:

"My dear goat, are you full?" And the goat answered:

"How can I be full?
There was nothing to pull,
Though I looked all about me—ba! baa!"

"What is that I hear?" cried the tailor, and he ran and called out to the youth:

"O you liar, to say that the goat was full, and she has been hungry all the time!" And in his wrath he took up his yard-measure and drove his son out of the house with many blows.

The next day came the turn of the second son, and he found a fine place in the garden hedge, where there were good green sprouts, and the goat ate them all up. In the evening, when he came to lead her home, he said:

"Well, goat, have you had enough?" And the goat answered:

"I am so full
I cannot pull
Another blade of grass—ba! baa!"

"Then come home," said the youth, and led her home, and tied her up.

"Now," said the old tailor, "has the goat had her proper food?"

"Oh," answered the son, "she is so full she no more can pull."

The tailor, not feeling satisfied, went out to the stall, and said:

"My dear goat, are you really full?" And the goat answered:

"How can I be full?
There was nothing to pull,
Though I looked all about me—ba! baa!"

"The good-for-nothing rascal," cried the tailor, "to let the dear creature go fasting!" and, running back, he chased the youth with his yard-stick out of the house.

Then came the turn of the third son, who, meaning to make all sure, found some shrubs with the finest sprouts possible, and left the goat to devour them. In the evening, when he came to lead her home, he said:

"Well, goat, are you full?" And the goat answered:

"I am so full
I cannot pull
Another blade of grass—ba! baa!"

"Then come home," said the youth; and he took her to her stall, and fastened her up.

"Now," said the old tailor, "has the goat had her proper food?"

"Oh," answered the son, "she is so full she no more can pull."

But the tailor, not trusting his word, went to the goat and said:

"My dear goat, are you really full?" The malicious animal answered:

"How can I be full?
There was nothing to pull
Though I looked all about me—ba! baa!"

"Oh, the wretches!" cried the tailor. "The one as good-for-nothing and careless as the other. I will no longer have such fools about me"; and rushing back, in his wrath he laid about him with his yard-stick, and belabored his son's back so unmercifully that he ran away out of the house.

So the old tailor was left alone with the goat. The next day he went out to the stall, and let out the goat, saying:

"Come, my dear creature, I will take you myself to the willows."

So he led her by the string, and brought her to the green hedges and pastures where there was plenty of food to her taste, and saying to her:

"Now, for once, you can eat to your heart's content," he left her there till the evening. Then he returned, and said:

"Well, goat, are you full?"

She answered:

"I am so full
I could not pull
Another blade of grass—ba! baa!"

"Then come home," said the tailor, and leading her to her stall, he fastened her up.

Before he left her he turned once more, saying,

"Now, then, for once you are full." But the goat actually cried:

"How can I be full?
There was nothing to pull,
Though I looked all about me—ba! baa!"

When the tailor heard that he marveled, and saw at once that his three sons had been sent away without reason.

"Wait a minute," cried he, "you ungrateful creature! It is not enough merely to drive you away—I will teach you to show your face again among honorable tailors."

So in haste he went and fetched his razor, and, seizing the goat, he shaved her head as smooth as the palm of his hand. And as the yard-measure was too honorable a weapon, he took the whip and gave her such a crack that with many a jump and spring she ran away.

The tailor felt very sad as he sat alone in his house, and would willingly have had his sons back again, but no one knew where they had gone.

The eldest son, when he was driven from home, apprenticed himself to a joiner, and he applied himself diligently to his trade, and when the time came for him to travel his master gave him a little table, nothing much to look at, and made of common wood; but it had one great quality. When any one sat down and said, "Table, be covered!" all at once the good little table had a clean cloth on it, and a plate, and knife, and fork, and dishes with roast and baked meats, and a large glass of red wine sparkling so as to cheer the heart. The young apprentice thought he was set up for life, and he went merrily out into the world, and never cared whether an inn were good or

bad, or whether he could get anything to eat there or not. When he was hungry, it did not matter where he was, whether in the fields, in the woods, or in a meadow, he set down his table and said, "Be covered!" and there he was provided with everything that heart could wish. At last it occurred to him that he would go back to his father, whose wrath might by this time have subsided, and perhaps because of the wonderful table he might receive him again gladly. It happened that one evening during his journey home he came to an inn that was quite full of guests, who bade him welcome, and asked him to sit down with them and eat, as otherwise he would have found some difficulty in getting anything.

"No," answered the young joiner, "I could not think of depriving you; you had much better be my guests."

Then they laughed, and thought he must be joking. But he brought his little wooden table, and put it in the middle of the room, and said, "Table, be covered!" Immediately it was set out with food much better than the landlord had been able to provide, and the good smell of it greeted the noses of the guests very agreeably. "Fall to, good friends," said the joiner; and the guests, when they saw how it was, needed no second asking, but taking up knife and fork fell to valiantly. And what seemed most wonderful was that when a dish was empty immediately a full one stood in its place. All the while the land-

lord stood in a corner, and watched all that went on. He could not tell what to say about it; but he thought "such cooking as that would make my inn prosper." The joiner and his companions kept it up very merrily until late at night. At last they went to sleep, and the young joiner, going to bed, left his wishing-table standing against the wall. The landlord, however, could not sleep for thinking of the table, and he remembered that there was in his lumber room an old table very like it, so he fetched it, and taking away the joiner's table, he left the other in its place. The next morning the joiner paid his reckoning, took up the table, not dreaming that he was carrying off the wrong one, and went on his way. About noon he reached home, and his father received him with great joy.

"Now, my dear son, what have you learned?" said he to him.

"I have learned to be a joiner, father," he answered.

"That is a good trade," returned the father; "but what have you brought back with you from your travels?"

"The best thing I've got, father, is this little table," said he.

"You have certainly produced no masterpiece. It is a shabby old table."

"But it is a very wonderful one," answered the son. "When I set it down, and tell it to be covered, at once the finest meats are standing on it, and wine

so good that it cheers the heart. Let us invite all the friends and neighbors, that they may feast and enjoy themselves, for the table will provide enough for all."

When the company was all assembled, he put his table in the middle of the room, and said, "Table, be covered!"

But the table never stirred, and remained just as empty as any other table that does not understand talking. When the poor joiner saw that the table remained unfurnished, he felt ashamed to stand there like a fool. The company laughed at him freely, and were obliged to return unfilled and uncheered to their houses. The father gathered his pieces together and returned to his tailoring, and the son went to work under another master.

The second son had bound himself apprentice to a miller. And when his time was up, his master said to him:

"As you have behaved yourself so well, I will give you a donkey of a remarkable kind: he will draw no cart, and carry no sack."

"What is the good of him, then?" asked the young apprentice.

"He spits out gold," answered the miller. "If you put a cloth before him and say, 'Bricklebrit,' out come gold pieces."

"That is a capital thing," said the apprentice, and, thanking his master, he went out into the world. Whenever he wanted gold he had only to say "Brickle-

brit" to his donkey, and there was a shower of gold pieces, and so he had no cares as he traveled about. Wherever he came he lived on the best, and the dearer the better, as his purse was always full. And when he had been looking about the world a long time, he thought he would go and find out his father, who would perhaps forget his anger and receive him kindly because of his gold donkey. And it happened that he came to lodge in the same inn where his brother's table had been exchanged. He was leading his donkey, and the landlord was for taking it from him to tie it up, but the young apprentice said:

"Don't trouble yourself, old fellow, I will take him into the stable myself and tie him up, and then I shall know where to find him."

The landlord thought this was very strange, and he never supposed that a man who was accustomed to look after his donkey himself should have much to spend; but when the stranger, feeling in his pocket, took out two gold pieces and told him to get him something good for supper, the landlord stared, and ran and fetched the best that could be got. After supper the guest called the reckoning, and the landlord, wanting to get all the profit he could, said that it would amount to two gold pieces more. The apprentice felt in his pocket, but his gold had come to an end.

"Wait a moment, landlord," said he, "I will go and fetch some money," and he went out of the room, carrying the table-cloth with him. The land-

lord could not tell what to make of it, and, curious to know his proceedings, slipped after him, and as the guest shut the stable-door, he peeped in through a knot-hole. Then he saw how the stranger spread the cloth before the donkey, saying, "Bricklebrit," and directly the donkey spat out gold, which rained upon the ground.

"Dear me," said the landlord, "that is an easy way of getting money; a purse like that is no bad thing."

After that the guest paid his reckoning and went to bed; but the landlord slipped down to the stable in the middle of the night, led the gold donkey away, and tied up another in his place. The next morning early the apprentice set forth with his beast, never doubting that it was the right one. By noon he came to his father's house, who was rejoiced to see him again, and received him gladly.

"What trade have you taken up, my son?" asked the father.

"I am a miller, dear father," answered he.

"What have you brought home from your travels?" continued the father.

"Nothing but a donkey," answered the son.

"We have plenty of them here," said the father. "You had much better have brought me a nice goat!"

"Yes," answered the son, "but this is no common donkey. When I say, 'Bricklebrit,' the good creature spits out a whole clothful of gold pieces. Let me call

all the neighbors together. I will make rich people of them all."

"That will be fine!" said the tailor. "Then I need labor no more at my needle"; and he rushed out himself and called the neighbors together. As soon as they were all assembled, the miller called out to them to make room, and brought in the donkey, and spread his cloth before him.

"Now, pay attention," said he, and cried, "Bricklebrit!" but no gold pieces came, and that showed that the animal was not more scientific than any other donkey.

So the poor miller made a long face when he saw that he had been taken in, and begged pardon of his neighbors, who all went home as poor as they had come. And there was nothing for it but that the old man must take to his needle again, and that the young one should take service with a miller.

The third brother had bound himself apprentice to a turner; and as turning is a very ingenious handicraft, it took him a long time to learn it. His brother told him in a letter how badly things had gone with them, and how on the last night of their travels the landlord deprived them of their treasures. When the young turner had learnt his trade, and was ready to travel, his master, to reward him for his good conduct, gave him a sack, and told him that there was a stick inside it.

"I can hang up the sack, and it may be very

useful to me," said the young man. "But what is the good of the stick?"

"I will tell you," answered the master. "If anyone does you any harm, and you say, 'Stick, out of the sack!' the stick will jump out upon them, and will belabor them so soundly that they shall not be able to move or to leave the place for a week, and it will not stop until you say, 'Stick, into the sack!'"

The apprentice thanked him, and took up the sack and started on his travels, and when anyone attacked him he would say, "Stick, out of the sack!" and directly out jumped the stick, and dealt a shower of blows on the coat or jerkin, and the back beneath, which quickly ended the affair. One evening the young turner reached the inn where his two brothers had been taken in. He laid his knapsack on the table, and began to describe all the wonderful things he had seen in the world.

"Yes," said he, "you may talk of your self-spreading table, gold-supplying donkey, and so forth; very good things, I do not deny; but they are nothing in comparison with the treasure that I have acquired and carry with me in that sack!"

Then the landlord opened his ears.

"What in the world can it be?" thought he. "Very likely the sack is full of precious stones; and I have a perfect right to it, for all good things come in threes."

When bedtime came the guest stretched himself

on a bench, and put his sack under his head for a pillow, and the landlord, when he thought the young man was sound asleep, came, and, stooping down, pulled gently at the sack, so as to remove it cautiously, and put another in its place. The turner had only been waiting for this to happen, and just as the landlord was giving a last courageous pull, he cried, "Stick, out of the sack!" Out flew the stick directly, and laid to heartily on the landlord's back; and in vain he begged for mercy; the louder he cried the harder the stick beat time on his back, until he fell exhausted to the ground. Then the turner said:

"If you do not give me the table and the ass directly, this game shall begin all over again."

"Oh, dear, no!" cried the landlord, quite collapsed; "I will gladly give it all back again if you will only make this terrible goblin go back into the sack."

Then said the young man, "I will be generous instead of just, but beware!" Then he cried, "Stick, into the sack!" and left him in peace.

So the third son brought home the magic table, the golden ass and the drubbing stick. The tailor was very glad, indeed, to see him again, and asked him what he had learned abroad.

"My dear father," answered he, "I am become a turner."

"A very ingenious handicraft," said the father. "And what have you brought with you from your travels?"

"A very valuable thing, dear father," answered the son. "A stick in a sack!"

"What!" cried the father. "A stick! The thing is not worth so much trouble when you can cut one from any tree."

"But it is not a common stick, dear father," said the young man. "When I say, 'Stick, out of the bag!' out jumps the stick upon anyone who means harm to me, and makes him dance again, and does not leave off till he is beaten to the earth and asks pardon. Just look here, with this stick I have recovered the table and the donkey which the thieving landlord had taken from my two brothers. Now, let them both be sent for, and bid all the neighbors, too, and they shall eat and drink to their hearts' content, and I will fill their pockets with gold."

The old tailor could not quite believe in such a thing, but he called his sons and all the neighbors together. Then the turner brought in the donkey, opened a cloth before him, and said to his brother:

"Now, my dear brother, speak to him." And the miller said, "Bricklebrit!" and immediately the cloth was covered with gold pieces, until they had all got more than they could carry away. (I tell you this because it is a pity you were not there.) Then the turner set down the table, and said:

"Now, my dear brother, speak to it." And the joiner said, "Table, be covered!" and directly it was covered, and set forth plentifully with the richest dishes.

Then they held a feast such as had never taken place in the tailor's house before, and the whole company remained through the night, merry and content.

The tailor after that locked up in a cupboard his needle and thread, his yard-measure and goose, and lived ever after with his three sons in great joy and splendor.

THE GOOSE GIRL

ONCE upon a time there lived an old Queen, whose husband had been dead some years, and left her with one child, a beautiful daughter. When this daughter grew up she was to be married to a King's son, who lived far away.

Now when the time came for her to leave, the mother gave her daughter a lock of hair, saying, "Dear child, preserve this well, and it will help you out of trouble."

Afterwards the mother and daughter took a sorrowful leave of each other, and the Princess placed the lock of hair in her bosom, mounted her horse, Falada, and rode away to her intended bridegroom. Now this horse could speak. After she had ridden for about an hour she became very thirsty, and said to her servant, "Dismount, and bring me some water from yonder stream in the cup which you carry with you, for I am very thirsty."

"If you are thirsty," replied the servant, "dismount yourself, and stoop down to drink the water, for I will not be your maid!"

The Princess, on account of her great thirst, did as she was bid, and bending over the brook she drank of its water without daring to use her golden cup.

While she did so the lock of hair said, "Ah! if thy mother knew this, her heart would break."

As she leaned over the water, the lock of hair fell out of her bosom and floated down the stream without her noticing it, because of her great anguish. But her servant had seen what happened, and she was glad, for now she had power over her mistress, because with the loss of the lock of hair, she became weak and helpless. When, then, the Princess was going to mount her horse again, the maid said, "No, Falada belongs to me; you must get upon this horse"; and she was forced to yield. Then the servant bade her take off her royal clothes, and put on her common ones instead; and, lastly, she made the Princess promise and swear by the open sky that she would say nought of what had passed; for if she had not sworn she would have been murdered. But Falada observed all that passed with great attention.

The lock of hair fell out of her bosom.

Then the servant mounted upon Falada, and the rightful Princess upon a sorry hack; and in that way they traveled on till they came to the King's palace. On their arrival there were great rejoicings, and the young Prince, running towards them, lifted the servant off her horse, supposing that she was the

They traveled on till they came to the King's palace.

true bride; and she was led up the steps in state, while the real Princess had to stop below. Just then the old King chanced to look out of his window and saw her standing in the court, and he remarked how delicate and beautiful she was; and, going to the royal apartments, he inquired there of the bride who it was she had brought with her and left below in the courtyard.

"Only a girl whom I brought with me for company," said the bride. "Give the wench some work to do, that she may not grow idle."

The old King, however, had no work for her, and knew of nothing; until at last he said, "Ah! there

is a boy who keeps the geese: she can help him." This youth was called Conrad, and the true bride was set to keep geese with him.

Soon after this, the false bride said to her betrothed, "Dearest, will you grant me a favor?"

"Yes," said he; "with the greatest pleasure."

"Then let the butcher be summoned, that he may cut off the head of the horse on which I rode hither, for it has angered me on the way." In reality she feared lest the horse might tell how she had used the rightful Princess, and she was glad when it was decided that Falada should die.

This came to the ears of the Princess, and she promised secretly to the butcher to give him a piece of gold if he would show her a kindness, which was, that he would nail the head of Falada over a certain large and gloomy arch, through which she had to pass daily with the geese, so that then she might still see her old steed as she had been accustomed. The butcher promised, and, after killing the horse, nailed the head in the place which the Princess pointed out, over the door of the arch.

Early in the morning, when she and Conrad drove the geese through the arch, she said in passing:

"Ah, Falada, that you hang so high!"

and the head replied:

"Ah Princess, that you go humbly by!
Thy mother's heart would surely break
Were she to know of your heart-ache!"

BENDING OVER THE BROOK, SHE DRANK.

Then she drove on through the town to a field. When they arrived in the meadow, she sat down and unloosened her hair, which was of pure gold. Its shining appearance so charmed Conrad that he tried to pull out a couple of locks. So she sang:

"Blow, blow, thou wind,
Blow Conrad's hat away."

A strong wind snatched his hat off.

Immediately there came a strong wind, which snatched Conrad's hat off his head, and led him a rare chase; and when he returned what with combing and curling, the Princess had rearranged her hair, so that he could not catch a loose lock. This made Conrad very angry, and he would not speak to her; so all day long they tended their geese in silence.

After they returned home Conrad went to the old King and declared he would no longer keep geese with the servant.

"Why not?" asked the old King.

"Oh! she vexes me the whole day long," said Conrad; and then the King bade him tell all that had

happened. So Conrad did, and told how, in the morning, when they passed through a certain arch-

The king bade him tell all that happened.

way, she spoke to a horse's head, which was nailed up over the door, and said:

"Ah, Falada, that you hang so high!"

and it replied:

"Ah, Princess, that you go humbly by!
Thy mother's heart would surely break
Were she to know of your heart-ache!"

And, further, he told how when they arrived in the meadow, she caused the wind to blow his hat off, so that he had to run after it ever so far. When he had finished his tale, the old King ordered him to drive the geese out again the next morning; and he him-

self, when morning came, stationed himself behind the gloomy archway, and heard the servant talk to the head of Falada. Then he followed them also into the fields. There he saw with his own eyes the Goose Girl and boy drive in the geese; and after a while she sat down and, unloosening her hair, which shone like gold, began to sing the old rhyme:

'Blow, blow, thou wind,
Blow Conrad's hat away."

Then the King felt a breeze come, which took off Conrad's hat, so that he had to run a long way after it; while the Goose Girl combed out her hair and put it back in proper trim before his return. All this the King observed, and then went home unnoticed; and when the Goose Girl returned at evening, he called her aside, and asked her what it all meant.

"That I dare not tell you, nor any other man," replied she; "for I have sworn by the free sky not to speak of my griefs, else lose my life."

The King pressed her to say what it was, and left her no peace about it; but still she refused. So at last he said, "If you will not tell me, tell your griefs to this fireplace"; and he went away.

Then she crept into the fireplace and began to weep and groan; and soon she relieved her heart by telling her tale. "Here sit I," she said, "forsaken by all the world, and yet I am a King's daughter! and a false servant has exercised some charm over

me, whereby I was compelled to lay aside my royal clothes; and she has also taken my place at the bridegroom's side, and I am forced to perform the common duties of a Goose Girl. Oh, if my mother knew this, her heart would break with grief!"

The old king stood outside and listened.

The old King, meanwhile, stood outside by the chimney and listened to what she said; and when she had finished he came in, and called her away from the fireplace. Then her royal clothes were put on, and the old King, calling his son, showed him that he had taken a false bride, who was only a servant-girl, and that the true bride stood there as a Goose Girl.

The Prince was glad indeed at heart when he saw her beauty and virtue. Then there was a great feast, at which the bridegroom sat, with the Princess on one side and the servant-girl on the other. But the latter was dazzled, and recognized her mistress no longer in her shining dress.

When they had finished their feasting, and were beginning to be gay, the old King set a riddle to the real servant-girl: What such an one were worthy of who had, in such and such a manner, deceived her

masters; and he related all that had happened to the true bride. The servant-girl replied, "Such an one deserves nothing better than to be put into a cask, lined with sharp nails, and then to be dragged by two horses through the streets till the wretch be killed."

"You are the woman then!" exclaimed the King; "you have proclaimed your own punishment, and it shall be strictly fulfilled."

The sentence was at once carried out, and afterwards the Prince married his rightful bride, and they lived long in peace and happiness.

THE GIANT WITH THE THREE GOLDEN HAIRS

THERE was once upon a time a poor woman whose son was born with a caul, and so it was foretold of him that in his fourteenth year he should marry the King's daughter. As it happened the King soon after came into the village quite unknown to anyone, and when he asked the people what news there was, they answered, "A few days since a child with a caul was born, which is a sure sign that he will be very lucky; and indeed, it has been foretold of him that in his fourteenth year he will marry the King's daughter."

The King had a wicked heart, and was disturbed concerning this prophecy, so he went to the parents, and said to them in a most friendly manner, "Give me up your child and I will take care of him." At first they refused, but the stranger begged for it with much gold, and so at last they consented and gave him the child, thinking, "It is a luck-child, and, therefore, everything must go on well with it."

The King laid the child in a box and rode away till he came to a deep water, into which he threw the box, saying to himself, "From this unsought-for bridegroom have I now freed my daughter."

The box, however, did not sink, but floated along like a boat, and not one drop of water penetrated it. It floated at last down to a mill two miles from the King's palace, and in the mill-dam it stuck fast. The miller's boy, who was fortunately standing there, observed it, and drew it ashore with a hook, expecting to find a great treasure. When, however, he opened the box, he saw a beautiful child alive and merry. He took it to the people at the mill, who having no children, adopted it for their own, saying, "God has sent it to us." They took good care of the child, and it grew up a steady, good lad.

It happened one day that the King went into the mill for shelter during a thunderstorm, and asked the people whether the boy was their child. "No," they answered; "he is a foundling, who, fourteen years ago, floated into our dam in a box, which the miller's boy drew out of the water." The King observed at once that it was no other than the luck-child whom he had thrown into the water, and so said to them, "Good people, could not the youth carry a letter to my wife the Queen? If so I will give him two pieces of gold for a reward."

"As my lord the King commands," they replied, and bade the youth get ready.

Then the King wrote a letter to the Queen, wherein he said, "So soon as this boy arrives with this letter, let him be killed and buried. and let all be done before I return."

The youth set out on his journey with the letter, but he lost himself, and at evening came into a great forest. In the gloom he saw a little light, and going up to it he found a cottage, into which he went, and perceived an old woman sitting by the fire. As soon as she saw the lad she was terrified, and exclaimed, "Why do you come here; and what would you do?"

"I am come from the mill," he answered, "and am going to my lady the Queen to carry a letter; but because I have lost my way in this forest, I wish to pass the night here."

"Poor boy!" said the woman, "you have come to a den of robbers, who, when they return, will murder you."

"Let who will come," he replied, "I am not afraid; I am so weary that I can go no farther"; and, stretching himself upon a bench, he went to sleep. Presently the robbers entered, and asked in a rage what strange lad was lying there. "Ah," said the old woman, "it is an innocent youth, who has lost himself in the forest, and whom I have taken in out of compassion. He carries with him a letter to the Queen."

The robbers seized the letter and read it, and understood that as soon as the youth arrived he was to be put to death. Then the robbers also took compassion on him, and the captain tore up the letter and wrote another, wherein he declared that the youth upon his arrival was to be married to the Princess. They let him sleep quietly on his bench till the morn-

ing, and as soon as he awoke they gave him the letter and showed him the right road.

When the Queen received the letter she did as it commanded, and caused a splendid marriage feast to be prepared, and the Princess was given in marriage to the luck-child, who, since he was both young and handsome, pleased her well, and they were all very happy. Some little time afterwards the King returned to his palace and found the prophecy fulfilled, and his daughter married to the luck-child. "How did this happen?" he asked. "In my letter I gave quite another command."

Then the Queen handed him the letter, that he might read for himself what it stated. The King perceived directly that it had been forged by another person, and he asked the youth what he had done with the original letter that had been entrusted to him. "I know nothing about it," he replied; "it must have been changed in the forest where I passed the night."

Inflamed with rage the King answered, "Thou shalt not escape so easily; he who would have my daughter must fetch for me three golden hairs from the head of the Giant; bring thou to me what I desire, then shalt thou receive my daughter."

The King hoped by this means to get rid of him, but he answered, "The three golden hairs I will fetch, for I fear not the Giant"; and so he took leave and began his wanderings.

The road led him by a large town, where the watchman at the gate asked him what trade he understood, and what he knew. "I know everything," replied the youth.

"Then you can do us a kindness," said the watch, "if you tell us the reason why the fountain in our market-place, out of which wine used to flow, now, all at once, does not even give water."

"That you shall know," was the answer; "but you must wait till I return."

Then he went on farther and came to a rather large city; where the watchman asked him as before, what trade he understood, and what he knew. "I know everything," he replied.

"Then you can do us a kindness, if you tell us the reason why a tree, growing in our town, which used to bear golden apples, does not now even have any leaves."

"That you shall know," replied the youth, "if you wait till I return"; and so saying he went on further till he came to a great lake, over which it was necessary that he should pass. The ferryman asked him what trade he understood, and what he knew. "I know everything," he replied.

"Then," said the ferryman, "you can do me a kindness, if you tell me why, for ever and ever, I am obliged to row backwards and forwards, and am never to be released." "You shall learn the reason why," replied the youth; "but wait till I return."

As soon as he got over the water he found the entrance into the Giant's kingdom. It was black and gloomy, and the Giant was not at home; but his old grandmother was sitting there in an immense arm-chair. "What do you want?" said she, looking

"Why am I obliged to row backwards and forwards and am never released?"

at him fixedly. "I want three golden hairs from the head of the King of these regions," replied the youth, "else I cannot obtain my bride." "That is a bold request," said the woman; "for if he comes home and finds you here it will be a bad thing for you; but still you can remain, and I will see if I can help you."

Then she changed him into an ant and told him to creep within the fold of her gown, where he would be quite safe. "Yes," he said, "that is all very well; but there are three things I am desirous of knowing:

Why a fountain, which used to spout wine, is now dry, and does not even give water? Why a tree, which used to bear golden apples, does not now have leaves? And why a ferryman is always rowing backwards and forwards and never gets released?"

"Those are difficult questions," replied the old woman; "but do you keep quiet, and pay attention to what the King says when I pluck each of the three golden hairs."

As soon as evening came the Giant returned, and scarcely had he entered, when he remarked that the air was not quite pure. "I smell! I smell the flesh of man!" he exclaimed; "all is not right." Then he peeped into every corner and looked about, but could find nothing. Presently his old grandmother began to scold, screaming, "There now, just as I have dusted and put everything in order, you are pulling them all about again: you are for ever having man's flesh in your nose! Sit down and eat your supper."

When he had finished he felt tired, and the old woman took his head in her lap, and said she would comb his hair a bit. Presently he yawned, then winked, and at last snored. Then she plucked out a golden hair and laid it down beside her.

"Bah!" cried the King, "what are you about?"

"I have had a bad dream," answered the old woman, "and so I plucked one of your hairs."

"What did you dream, then?" asked he.

"I dreamt that a market-fountain, which used to

spout wine, is dried up, and does not even give water: what is the matter with it, pray?"

"Why, if you must know," answered he, "there sits a toad under a stone in the spring, which, if anyone kills, the wine will gush out as before."

Then the old woman went on combing till he went to sleep again, and snored so that the windows shook. Presently she pulled out a second hair.

"Confound it! what are you about?" exclaimed the King in a passion.

"Don't be angry," said she; "I did it in a dream."

"What did you dream about this time?" he asked.

"I dreamt that in a certain royal city there grew a fruit-tree, which formerly bore golden apples, but now has not a leaf upon it; what is the cause of it?"

"Why," replied the King, "at the root a mouse is gnawing. But if they kill it golden apples will grow again; if not, the mouse will gnaw until the tree dies altogether. However, let me go to sleep in peace now; for if you disturb me again you will catch a box on the ears."

Nevertheless the old woman, when she had rocked him again to sleep, plucked out a third golden hair. Up jumped the King in a fury, and would have ill-treated her, but she pacified him and said, "Who can help bad dreams?"

"What did you dream this time?" he asked, still curious to know.

"I dreamt of a ferryman, who is forever compelled

to row backwards and forwards, and will never be released. What is the reason thereof?"

"Oh, you simpleton!" answered the Giant. "When one comes who wants to cross over, he must give the oar into his hand; then will the other be obliged to go to and fro, and he will be free."

Now, since the old woman had plucked the three golden hairs, and had received answers to the three questions, she let the giant lie in peace, and he slept on till daybreak.

As soon as he went out in the morning the old woman took the ant out of the fold of her gown, and restored him again to his human form.

"There you have the three golden hairs from the King's head, and what he replied to the three questions you have just heard."

"Yes, I have heard, and will well remember," said the luck-child; and, thanking the old woman for her assistance in his trouble, he left those regions, well pleased that he had been so lucky in everything. When he came to the ferryman he had to give him the promised answer. But he said, "First row me over, and then I will tell you how you may be freed"; and as soon as they reached the opposite side he gave him the advice, "When another comes this way, and wants to pass over, give him the oar in his hand."

Then he went on to the first city, where stood the barren tree, and where the watchman waited for the answer. So he said to him, "Kill the mouse which

gnaws at the foot of the tree, and then it will again bear golden apples." The watchman thanked him, and gave him for a reward two asses laden with gold, which followed him. Next he came to the other city, where the dry fountain was, and he told the watchman as the Giant had said, "Under a stone in the spring there sits a toad, which you must uncover and kill and then wine will flow again as before."

The watchman thanked him, and gave to him, as the other had done, two asses laden with gold.

Now the lucky youth soon reached home, and his dear bride was very glad when she saw him return, and heard how capitally everything had gone with him. He brought the King what he had desired—the three golden hairs from the head of the Giant; and when his Majesty saw the four asses laden with gold he was quite pleased and said, "Now are the conditions fulfilled, and you may have my daughter: but tell me, dear son-in-law, whence comes all this gold? This is, indeed, bountiful treasure."

"I was ferried over a river," he replied, "and there I picked it up, for it lies upon the shore like sand."

"Can I not fetch some as well?" asked the King, feeling quite covetous.

"As much as you like; there is a ferryman who will row you across, and then you can fill your sacks on the other side."

The covetous King set out in great haste upon his journey, and as soon as he came to the river beckoned

to the ferryman to take him over. The man came and bade him step into his boat; and as soon as they reached the opposite shore, the ferryman put the oar into his hand and sprang on shore himself.

So the King was obliged to take his place, and there he is obliged to row to and fro for ever for his sins.

And there he still rows, for no one has yet come to take the oar from him.

KING GRÍSLY-BEARD

A GREAT king had a daughter who was very beautiful, but so proud and haughty, and conceited that none of the princes who came to ask her in marriage were good enough for her, and she only made sport of them.

Once upon a time the King held a great feast, and invited all her suitors; and they sat in a row according to their rank, kings and princes and dukes and earls. Then the Princess came in and passed by them all, but she had something spiteful to say to each one. The first was too fat: "He's as round as a tub," said she. The next was too tall: "What a maypole!" said she. The next was too short: "What a dumpling!" said she. The fourth was too pale, and she called him "Wallface." The fifth was too red, so she called him "Cockscomb." The sixth was not straight enough, so she said he was like a green stick that had been laid to dry over a baker's oven. And thus she had some joke to crack upon each one; but she laughed more than all at a good king who was there.

"Look at him," said she, "his beard is like an old mop, he shall be called Grisly-beard."

So the king got the nickname of Grisly-beard.

But the old King was very angry when he saw how his daughter behaved, and how she ill-treated all his guests; and he avowed that, willing or unwilling,

The beggar departed and took her with him.

she should marry the first beggar that came to the door.

Two days after there came by a traveling musi-

cian, who began to sing under the window, and beg alms: and when the King heard him, he said,

"Let him come in."

So they brought in a dirty-looking fellow; and when he had sung before the King and the Princess, he begged a boon.

Then the King said, "You have sung so well that I will give you my daughter for your wife."

The Princess begged and prayed; but the King said, "I have sworn to give you to the first beggar, and I will keep my word."

So words and tears were of no avail; the parson was sent for, and she was married to the musician.

When this was over, the King said, "Now, get ready to go; you must not stay here; you must travel on with your husband."

Then the beggar departed and took her with him; and they soon came to a great wood.

"Pray," said she, "whose is this wood?"

"It belongs to king Grisly-beard," answered he; "hadst thou taken him, all had been thine."

"Ah! unlucky wretch that I am!" sighed she, "would that I had married king Grisly-beard!"

Next they came to some fine meadows.

"Whose are these beautiful meadows?" said she.

"They belong to king Grisly-beard; hadst thou taken him, they had all been thine."

"Ah! unlucky wretch that I am!" said she, "would that I had married king Grisly-beard!"

They then came to a great city. "Whose is this noble city?" said she.

"It belongs to king Grisly-beard; hadst thou taken him, it had all been thine."

"Ah! miserable wretch that I am!" sighed she, "why did I not marry king Grisly-beard?"

"That is no business of mine," said the musician. "Why should you wish for another husband? Am not I good enough for you?"

At last they came to a small cottage.

"What a paltry place!" said she; "to whom does that little dirty hole belong?"

The musician answered, "That is your house and mine, where we are to live."

"Where are your servants?" cried she.

"What do we want with servants?" said he. "You must do for yourself whatever is to be done. Now make the fire and put on water and cook my supper, for I am very tired!"

But the Princess knew nothing of making fires and cooking, and the beggar was forced to help her. When they had eaten a very scanty meal they went to bed; but the musician called her up very early in the morning to clean the house. Thus they lived for two days; and when they had eaten up all there was in the cottage, the man said,

"Wife, we can't go on thus, spending money and earning nothing. You must learn to weave baskets."

Then he went out and cut willows and brought

them home and she began to weave; but it made her fingers very sore.

"I see this work won't do," said he, "try and spin; perhaps you will do that better."

So she sat down and tried to spin; but the threads cut her tender fingers till the blood ran.

"See, now," said the musician, "you are good for nothing, you can do no work; what a bargain I have got! However, I'll try and set up a trade in pots and pans, and you shall stand in the market and sell them."

"Alas!" sighed she, "when I stand in the market and any of my father's court pass by and see me there, how they will laugh at me!"

But the beggar did not care for that; and said she must work, if she did not wish to die of hunger. At first the trade went well; for many people, seeing such a beautiful woman, went to buy her wares, and paid their money without thinking of taking away the goods. They lived on this as long as it lasted, and then her husband bought a fresh lot of ware, and she sat herself down with it in a corner of the market; but a drunken soldier soon came by, and rode his horse against her stall and broke all her goods into a thousand pieces. Then she began to weep, and knew not what to do.

"Ah! what will become of me?" said she; "what will my husband say?" So she ran home and told him all.

"Who would have thought you would have been so silly," said he, "as to put an earthenware stall in the corner of the market, where everybody passes? But let us have no more crying; I see you are not fit for this sort of work, so I have been to the King's palace, and asked if they did not want a kitchen-maid, and they have promised to take you, and there you will have plenty to eat."

Thus the Princess became a kitchen-maid, and helped the cook to do all the dirtiest work. She was allowed to carry home some of the meat that was left, and on this she and her husband lived.

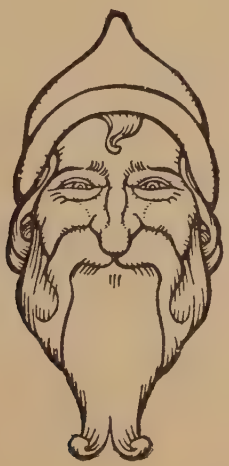
She had not been there long before she heard that the King's eldest son was passing by, going to be married; and she went to one of the windows and looked out. Everything was ready, and all the pomp and splendour of the court was there. Then she thought with an aching heart of her own sad fate, and bitterly grieved for the pride and folly which had brought her so low. And the servants gave her some of the rich meats, which she put into her basket to take home.

All of a sudden, as she was going out, in came the King's son in golden clothes; and when he saw a beautiful woman at the door, he took her by the hand, and said she should be his partner in the dance: but she trembled for fear, for she saw that it was king Grisly-beard, who was making sport of her. However, he kept fast hold and led her in; and the cover of the basket came off, so that the meats in it fell all

about. Then everybody laughed and jeered at her; and she was so abashed that she wished herself a thousand feet deep in the earth. She sprang to the door to run away; but on the steps king Grisly-beard overtook and brought her back, and said,

"Fear me not! I am the musician who has lived with you in the hut; I brought you there because I loved you. I am also the soldier who overset your stall. I have done all this only to cure you of pride, and to punish you for the ill-treatment you bestowed on me. Now all is over; you have learnt wisdom, your faults are gone, and it is time to celebrate our marriage feast!"

Then the chamberlains came and brought her the most beautiful robes; and her father and his whole court were there already, and congratulated her on her marriage. Joy was in every face. The feast was grand, and all were merry; and I wish you and I had been of the party.



OLD MOTHER FROST

THERE was once a widow who had two daughters, one of whom was beautiful and industrious, and the other ugly and lazy. She behaved most kindly, however, to the ugly one, because she was her own daughter; and made the other do all the hard work, and live like a kitchen-maid. The poor maiden was forced out daily on the highroad, and had to sit by a well and spin so much that the blood ran from her fingers. Once it happened that her spindle became quite covered with blood, so, kneeling down by the well, she tried to wash it off, but, unhappily, it fell out of her hands into the water. She ran crying to her stepmother, and told her misfortune; but she scolded her terribly, and behaved very cruelly, and at last said, "Since you have let your spindle fall in, you must yourself fetch it out again!" Then the maiden went back to the well, not knowing what to do, and, in her distress of mind, she jumped into the well to fetch the spindle out. As she fell she lost all consciousness, and when she came to herself again she found herself in a beautiful meadow, where the sun was shining, and many thousands of flowers blooming around her. She got up and walked along till she came to a baker's, where the oven was full of bread,

which cried out, "Draw me, draw me, or I shall be burnt. I have been baked long enough." So she went up, and taking the bread-peel, drew out one loaf after the other. Then she walked on farther, and came to an apple tree, whose fruit hung very thick, and which exclaimed, "Shake us, shake us; we apples are all ripe!" So she shook the tree till the apples fell down like rain, and, when none were left on, she gathered them all together in a heap, and went farther. At last she came to a cottage, out of which an old woman was peeping, who had such very large teeth that the maiden was frightened and ran away. The old woman, however, called her back, saying, "What are you afraid of, my child? Stop with me; if you will put all things in order in my house, then shall all go well with you; only you must take care that you make my bed well, and shake it tremendously, so that the feathers fly; then it snows upon earth. I am 'Old Mother Frost.'" As the old woman spoke so kindly, the maiden took courage, and consented to engage in her service. Now, everything made her very contented, and she always shook the bed so industriously that the feathers blew down like flakes of snow; therefore her life was a happy one, and there were no evil words; and she had roast and baked meat every day.

For some time she remained with the old woman; but, all at once, she became very sad, and did not herself know what was the matter. At last she found she was home-sick; and, although she fared a thousand

times better than when she was at home, still she longed to go. So she told her mistress, "I wish to go home, and if it does not go so well with me below as up here, I must return." The mistress replied, "It appeared to me that you wanted to go home, and, since you have served me so truly, I will fetch you up again myself." So saying, she took her by the hand and led her before a great door, which she undid; and, when the maiden was just beneath it, a great shower of gold fell, and a great deal stuck to her, so that she was covered over and over with gold. "That you must have for your industry," said the old woman, giving her the spindle which had fallen into the well. Thereupon the door was closed, and the maiden found herself upon the earth, not far from her mother's house; and, as she came into the court, the cock sat upon the house, and called,

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Our golden maid's come home again."

Then she went in to her mother, and, because she was so covered with gold, she was well received.

The maiden related all that had happened; and, when the mother heard how she had come by these great riches, she wished her ugly, lazy daughter to try her luck. So she was forced to sit down by the well and spin; and, in order that her spindle might become bloody, she pricked her finger by running a thorn into it; and then, throwing the spindle into the

well, she jumped in after it. Then, like the other, she came upon the beautiful meadow, and traveled on the same path. When she arrived at the baker's, the bread called out, "Draw me out, draw me out, or I shall be burnt. I have been baked long enough." But she answered, "I have no wish to make myself dirty about you," and so went on. Soon she came to the apple tree, which called out, "Shake me, shake me; my apples are all quite ripe." But she answered, "You do well to come to me; perhaps one will fall on my head"; and so she went on farther. When she came to "Old Mother Frost's" house she was not afraid of the teeth, for she had been warned; and so she engaged herself to her. The first day she set to work in earnest, was very industrious, and obeyed her mistress in all she said to her, for she thought about the gold which she would present to her. On the second day, however, she began to idle; on the third, still more so; and then she would not get up of a morning. She did not make the beds, either, as she ought, and the feathers did not fly. So the old woman got tired, and dismissed her from her service, which pleased the lazy one very well; for she thought, "Now the gold-shower will come." Her mistress led her to the door; but, when she was beneath it, instead of gold, a tubful of pitch was poured down upon her. "That is the reward of your service," said "Old Mother Frost," and shut the door to. Then came Lazy-bones home, but she was quite covered with

pitch; and the cock upon the house when she saw her, cried

"Cock-a-doodle doo!
Our dirty maid's come home again."

But the pitch stuck to her, and, as long as she lived, would never come off again.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Our dirty maid's come home again."

THE SPINDLE, THE SHUTTLE, AND THE NEEDLE

THERE was once upon a time a little Girl whose father and mother died when she was quite young. At the end of the village where she lived, her Godmother dwelt in a small cottage, maintaining herself by spinning, weaving, and sewing, and she took the poor child to maintain, teaching her to work and educating her piously. Just when the Girl had reached the age of fifteen, the Godmother fell ill, and calling her to her bedside said to her, "My dear daughter, I feel my end approaching. I leave you this cottage, where you will be protected from wind and weather, and also this Spindle, Shuttle, and Needle, with which you may earn your living." With these words she laid her hands on the Girl's head and blessed her, saying, "So long as you remember God, everything will prosper with you." Soon afterwards the good Godmother closed her eyes in death, and when she was carried to the grave, the poor Maiden followed the coffin, weeping bitterly to pay her the last respect.

The little Girl now lived alone in her cottage, industriously spinning, weaving, and sewing, and upon everything that she did rested the blessing of God. It seemed as if the flax in her room increased by itself:

and when she wove a piece of cloth or tapestry, or hemmed a shirt, she always found a purchaser readily, who paid her so handsomely, that she had enough for herself and could spare a little for others who were poorer.

Now about this time the Son of the King of this country was looking about him for a bride, and as he was not allowed to marry a poor wife, he would not have a rich one. So he said, "She shall be my bride who is at once the richest and the poorest!" When he came to the village where the Maiden dwelt, he asked, as was his custom, who was the richest and poorest maiden in the place. The people first named the richest, and then told him that the poorest was the Maiden who dwelt in the cottage at the end of the village. The young Prince therefore went first to the rich Maiden, and found her sitting before her door in full dress; but as soon as she saw him approaching, she got up and made him a very low curtsey. He looked at her once, and then, without speaking a word, rode away to the house of the poor Maiden, whom he found not standing at the door, but sitting in her kitchen. He stopped his horse, and, looking through the window into the kitchen, perceived how brightly the sun shone into it and how industriously the girl herself was engaged at her Spinning-wheel. She looked up, but as soon as she saw the Prince peeping at her, she blushed as red as a rose, and looked down again, industriously turning her wheel round.

Whether the thread just then was quite even or not, I know not, but she spun on till the Prince rode away. Then she stepped to the window and opened it, saying, "It is so hot in this kitchen!" but she remained at the window looking out as long as she could see the white feathers upon the Prince's hat.

After this she sat down again to her work, and presently a sentence came into her head which her Godmother had oftentimes repeated whilst she was working. She sung:—

"Spindle, Spindle, out with you,
And bring a wooer home."

Scarcely had she spoken the words when the Spindle sprang from her hands and out of the door, and as she sprang up and looked after it, she saw it merrily dancing along, over the field, leaving a golden thread behind it. In a short time it was out of sight, and then the Maiden having no other Spindle, took the Shuttle in her hand and began to weave.

Meanwhile the Spindle still danced on, and as the thread came to an end it reached the King's Son, "What do I see?" exclaimed he; "the Spindle showing me the way?" and turning his horse's head round, he rode back guided by the golden thread. At the same time the Girl sitting at work, sang:—

"Shuttle, Shuttle, out with you,
And bring a wooer home."

Immediately it sprang out of her hands and through the door, before which it began to weave a

carpet more beautiful than was ever before seen. On both borders were represented roses and lilies blooming, and in the middle, on a golden ground, green vine-branches; hares and rabbits, too, were represented jumping about, and fawns and does rubbing their heads against trees, on whose boughs were sitting pretty birds, who wanted nothing but the gift of song. And all this pattern the Shuttle wove so quickly that it seemed to grow by itself.

But, because the Shuttle had run away, the Maiden sat down to her sewing; and while she stitched her work she sang—

"Needle, Needle, sharp and fine,
Fit the house for wooer mine."

As soon as she had said this, the Needle flew out of her fingers, and sprang all about the room like a flash of lightning. It seemed as if invisible spirits were at work, for in a few minutes the table and bench were covered with green cloths, the chairs with velvet, and on the walls were hung silken curtains. And scarcely had the Needle put the last stitch to them when the Maiden saw through the window the white feathers on the hat of the Prince, who was coming towards her cottage drawn by the golden thread of the Spindle. As soon as he approached the door he dismounted, and walked upon the carpet into the cottage, and as soon as he entered the room there stood the Maiden in her shabby clothes, glowing like a rose in a bush.

"You are the poorest, and yet the richest Maiden," said the Prince to her; "come with me, and you shall be my Bride."

She said nothing, but held out her hand, which the Prince took, and giving her a kiss he led her out of the cottage and seated her behind him on his horse. He took her to the King's castle, where the wedding was performed with great magnificence, and afterwards the Spindle, the Shuttle, and the Needle were placed in the treasure-chamber, and held in great esteem.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

A Queen who had no children.

ONCE upon a time there lived a King and Queen who had no children. They longed very much for a child; and when at last they had a little daughter they were both delighted, and great rejoicings took place.

When the time came for the little Princess to be christened, the King made a grand feast and invited all but one of the fairies in his kingdom to be godmothers. There happened to be thirteen fairies in the kingdom; but as the King had only twelve gold plates, he had to leave one of them out.

The twelve fairies that were invited came to the christening, and presented the little Princess with the best gifts in their possession. One gave her beauty, one gave her wisdom, another grace, another goodness, until all but one had presented their offerings. Just as the last fairy was about to step forward and offer her gift, there came a tremendous knocking at the door, and before anybody could get there to open it, it was burst open, and in came the thirteenth fairy, in a furious rage at not having been invited to the feast.

When she saw all the gifts which the other fairies had presented the child, she laughed and exclaimed:

"A lot of good all this beauty and virtue and wealth will do to you, my pretty Princess! You shall pay for the slight your Royal Father has put upon me!" Then, turning to the terrified King and Queen, she said, in a loud voice:

"When the Princess is fifteen years old she shall prick her finger with a spindle and die!" Having said this she flew away as noisily as she came.

The King and Queen were in despair, and the courtiers stood aghast at the terrible disaster; while the little Princess began to cry piteously, as if she knew the fate in store for her. Then the twelfth fairy stepped forward.

"Do not be afraid," she said, "I have not yet given my gift. I cannot undo the wicked spell, but I can soften the evil. The Princess, on her fifteenth

birthday, shall prick her finger with a spindle, but she shall not die. Instead, she shall fall asleep for a hundred years."

At last she came to a tower.

"Alas!" cried the Queen, "what comfort will that be to us? Long before the hundred years are past we shall be dead, and our darling child will be as lost to us as if she were indeed to die!"

"I can make that right," said the fairy. "When the Princess falls asleep, you shall sleep, too; and awaken with her when the hundred years are passed."

But the King still hoped to save his daughter from such a terrible misfortune. So he ordered all the spinning-wheels in his kingdom to be burnt or destroyed, and made a law that no one was to use one on pain of instant death. But all his care was useless. On her fifteenth birthday the Princess slipped away from her attendants, and wandered all through the Palace. At last she came to a tower which she had never seen before, and,

wondering what it contained, she climbed the stairs. From a room at the top came a curious humming noise, and the Princess, wondering what it could be, pushed open the door and stepped inside.

There sat an old woman, bent with age, working at a strangely shaped wheel. The Princess was full of curiosity.

"What is that funny-looking thing?" she asked.

"It is a spinning-wheel, Princess," answered the old woman, who was no other than the wicked fairy in disguise.

"A spinning-wheel—what is that? I have never heard of such a thing," said the Princess. She stood watching for a few minutes, then she added:

"It looks quite easy. May I try to do it?"

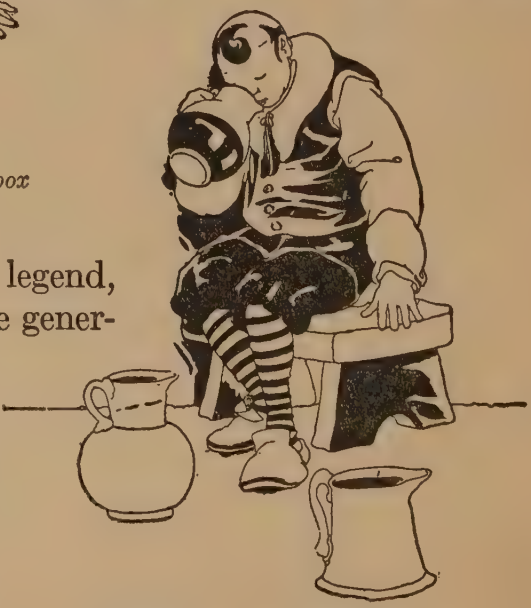
"Certainly, gracious lady," said the wicked fairy, and the Princess sat down and tried to turn the wheel. But no sooner did she lay her hand upon it than the spindle, which was enchanted, pricked her finger, and the Princess fell back against a silk-covered couch—fast asleep.

In a moment a deep silence fell upon all who were in the castle. The King fell asleep in the midst of his councillors, the Queen with her ladies-in-waiting. The horses in the stable, the pigeons on the roof, the flies upon the walls, even the very fire upon the hearth fell asleep, too. The meat which was cooking in the kitchen ceased to frizzle; and the cook, who was just about to box the kitchen boy's ears, fell asleep

The cook was just about to box the kitchen boy's ears.

with her hand outstretched, and began to snore aloud. The butler, who was tasting the ale, fell asleep with the jug at his lips.

A great hedge sprang up around the castle, which, as the years passed on, grew and grew until it formed an impenetrable barrier around the sleeping Palace. The old people of the country died, and their children grew up and died also, and their children, and their children, and the story of the sleeping Princess became a legend, handed down from one generation to another; and a cloud of mystery, as thick and impenetrable as the hedge of thorns, lay over the old castle. Many brave and



The butler who was tasting the ale.

gallant Princes tried to force their way through the magic hedge, in order to solve the mystery and to see for themselves the beautiful maiden who lay in an enchanted sleep behind that thorny barrier. But the thorns caught them, and held them from going forward or back, and the gallant youths perished miserably in the thickets.

After many, many years there came a King's son into that country, who heard the story of the Princess and the hedge of briers; and he made up his mind to try and force his way to the castle to awake the sleeping Princess. People told him of the fate of the other Princes, who had also attempted this difficult task; but the Prince would not be warned.

"I have made up my mind to see this maiden of whose beauty I have heard so many wonderful tales," he cried. "I will force a way through the hedge of thorns and awake this Sleeping Beauty, or die in the attempt!"

Now, it happened that this day was the last day of the hundred years; and when the Prince came to the thicket that surrounded the castle and began to push his way through, he found that the briers yielded readily to his touch. The thorns had all blossomed into roses that scented the air with fragrance as he went by. Primroses sprang up before his feet and made a pathway to lead him straight to the castle gates; and the birds suddenly broke forth into singing, as if to tell the world that the hundred years of

enchantment were over, and the Princess about to be awakened from her long sleep.

The Prince passed through the council chamber, where the King and his councillors were sleeping; through the room where the Queen and her ladies slept. He passed on from hall to hall, climbed from stair to stair, until at last he reached the tower chamber where the sleeping Princess lay. For a moment he stood and gazed in wonder at her lovely face; then he sank on his knees beside her, and kissed her as she lay asleep.

Instantly the spell was broken. The King and Queen awoke, and all the courtiers with them; the horses neighed in the stables, and shook their glossy manes; the pigeons cooed upon the roof; the flies on the wall moved again; the fire burnt up brightly; and the meat in the kitchen began to frizzle once more as the spit turned round. The cook gave the kitchen boy the tremendous box on the ear that she had started to give him a hundred years ago, and everything and everybody went on just as usual, as if nothing at all out of the common had occurred.

And up in the tower chamber the Princess opened her eyes to meet the gaze of the Prince, who had dared to risk his life for her sake. What they said to each other nobody quite knows, for nobody was there to hear or see. But whatever it was, it must have been something very satisfactory; for very soon after they were married, and lived happily ever afterwards.

FAITHFUL JOHN

ONCE upon a time there lived an old King, who fell very sick, and thought he was lying upon his death-bed; so he said, "Let faithful John come to me." This faithful John was his affectionate servant, and was so called because he had been true to him all his lifetime. As soon as John came to the bedside, the King said, "My faithful John, I feel that my end approaches, and I have no other care than about my son, who is still so young that he cannot always guide himself aright. If you do not promise to instruct him in everything he ought to know, and to be his guardian, I cannot close mine eyes in peace." Then John answered, "I will never leave him; I will always serve him truly, even if it cost me my life." So the old King was comforted, and said, "Now I can die in peace. After my death you must show him all the chambers, halls, and vaults in the castle, and all the treasures which are in them; but the last room in the long corridor you must not show him, for in it hangs the portrait of the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace; if he sees her picture, he will conceive a great love for her, and will fall down in a swoon, and on her account undergo great perils, therefore you must keep him away." The faithful John pressed his master's hand again in token of

assent, and soon after the King laid his head upon the pillow and expired.

After the old King had been laid in his grave, the faithful John related to the young King all that his father had said upon his death-bed, and declared, "All this I will certainly fulfil; I will be as true to you as I was to him, if it cost me my life." When the time of mourning was passed, John said to the young King, "It is now time for you to see your inheritance; I will show you your paternal castle." So he led the King all over it, up-stairs and down-stairs, and showed him all the riches, and all the splendid chambers; only one room he did not open, containing the perilous portrait, which was so placed that one saw it directly the door was opened, and, moreover, it was so beautifully painted, that one thought it breathed and moved; nothing in all the world could be more lifelike or more beautiful. The young King remarked, however, that the faithful John always passed by one door, so he asked, "Why do you not open that one?" "There is something in it," he replied, "which will frighten you."

But the King said, "I have seen all the rest of the castle, and I will know what is in there;" and he went and tried to open the door by force. The faithful John pulled him back, and said, "I promised your father before he died that you should not see the contents of that room; it would bring great misfortunes both upon you and me."

"Oh, no," replied the young King, "if I do not go in, it will be my certain ruin; I should have no peace night nor day until I had seen it with my own eyes. Now I will not stir from the place till you unlock the door."

The king looked over his shoulder.

Then the faithful John saw that it was of no use talking, so, with a heavy heart and many sighs, he picked the key out of the great bunch. When he had opened the door he went in first, and thought he would cover up the picture that the King should not see it; but it was of no use, for the King stepped upon tiptoes and looked over his shoulder; and as soon as he saw the portrait of the maiden, which was so beautiful and glittered with precious stones, he fell down on the ground insensible. The faithful John lifted him up and carried him to his bed, and thought with great concern, "Mercy on us! the misfortune has happened; what will come of it?" and he gave the young King wine until he came to himself. The first words he

spoke were, "Ah, who is that beautiful picture?"—"That is the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace," was the reply.

"Then," said the King, "my love for her is so great that if all the leaves on the trees had tongues they should not gainsay it; my life is set upon the search for her. You are my faithful John, you must accompany me."

The trusty servant deliberated for a long while how to set about this business, for it was very difficult to get into the presence of the King's daughter. At last he bethought himself of a way, and said to the King, "Everything that she has around her is of gold—chairs, tables, dishes, bowls, and all the household utensils. Among your treasures are five tons of gold; let one of the goldsmiths of your kingdom manufacture vessels and utensils of all kinds therefrom—all kinds of birds, and wild and wonderful beasts, such as will please her; then we will travel with these and try our luck." Then the King summoned all his goldsmiths, who worked day and night until many very beautiful things were ready. When all had been placed on board a ship, the faithful John put on merchant's clothes, and the King likewise, so that they might travel quite unknown. Then they sailed over the wide sea, and sailed away until they came to the city where dwelt the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace.

The faithful John told the King to remain in

the ship and wait for him. "Perhaps," said he, "I shall bring the King's daughter with me; therefore take care that all is in order, and set out the golden vessels and adorn the whole ship." Thereupon John placed in a napkin some of the golden cups, stepped upon land, and went straight to the King's palace. When he came into the castleyard, a beautiful maid stood by the brook, who had two golden pails in her hand drawing water; and when she had filled them, and had turned round, she saw a strange man, and asked who he was. Then John answered, "I am a merchant," and opening his napkin, he showed her its contents. Then she exclaimed, "Oh, what beautiful golden things!" and setting the pails down she looked at the cups one after another, and said, "The King's daughter must see these; she is so pleased with anything made of gold that she will buy all these." And taking him by the hand she led him in, for she was the lady's maid. When the King's daughter saw the golden cups she was much pleased, and said, "They are so finely worked that I will purchase them all." But the faithful John replied, "I am only the servant of a rich merchant; what I have here is nothing in comparison to those which my master has in his ship, than which nothing more delicate or costly has ever been worked in gold." Then the King's daughter wished to have them all brought, but he said, "It would take many days, and so great is the quantity that your palace has not halls enough in it to place them around."

Then her curiosity and desire was still more excited, and at last she said, "Take me to the ship; I will go myself and look at your master's treasure."

The faithful John conducted her to the ship with great joy, and the King, when he beheld her, saw that her beauty was still greater than the picture had represented, and thought nothing else but that his heart would jump out of his mouth. Presently she stepped on board, and the King conducted her below; but the faithful John remained on deck by the steersman, and told him to unmoor the ship and put on all the sail he could, that it might fly as a bird in the air. Meanwhile the King showed the Princess all the golden treasures,—the dishes, cups, bowls, the birds, the wild and wonderful beasts. Many hours passed away while she looked at every thing, and in her joy she did not remark that the ship sailed on and on. As soon as she had looked at the last, and thanked the merchant, she wished to depart. But when she came on deck she perceived that they were upon the high sea, far from the shore, and were hastening on with all sail. "Ah!" she exclaimed in affright, "I am betrayed; I am carried off and taken away in the power of a strange merchant. I would rather die!"

But the King, taking her by the hand, said, "I am not a merchant, but a king, thine equal in birth. It is true that I have carried thee off, but that is because of my overwhelming love for thee. Dost thou know that when I first saw the portrait of thy beauteous

face I fell down in a swoon before it?" When the King's daughter heard these words she was reassured, and her heart was inclined towards him, so that she willingly became his bride. While they thus went on their voyage on the high sea, it happened that the faithful John, as he sat on the deck of the ship playing music, saw three crows in the air, who came flying towards them. He stopped playing and listened to what they were saying to each other, for he understood them perfectly. The first one exclaimed, "There he is, carrying home the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace." "But he is not home yet," replied the second. "But he has her," said the third; "she is sitting by him in the ship." Then the first began again and exclaimed, "What matters that? When they go on shore, a fox-coloured horse will spring towards him, on which he will mount; and as soon as he is on it will jump up with him into the air, so that he will never again see his bride." The second one said, "Is there no escape?" "Oh yes, if another gets on quickly and takes the firearms which are in the holster out, and with them shoots the horse dead, then the young King will be saved. But who knows that? And if any one does know it and tells him, such an one will be turned to stone from the toe to the knee." Then the second spake again, "I know still more; if the horse should be killed, the young King will not then retain his bride; for when they come into the castle a beautiful bridal shirt will lie there

upon a dish, and seem to be woven of gold and silver, but it is nothing but sulphur and pitch, and if he puts it on, it will burn him to his marrow and bones." Then the third crow asked, "Is there no escape?" "Oh, yes," answered the second; "if some one takes up the shirt with his gloves on, and throws it into the fire so that it is burnt, the young King will be saved. But what does that signify? Whoever knows it and tells him will be turned to stone from his knee to his heart." Then the third crow spoke: "I know still more: even if the bridal shirt be consumed, still the young King will not retain his bride. For if, after the wedding, a dance is held, while the young Queen dances she will suddenly turn pale, and fall down as if dead; and if some one does not raise her up, and take three drops of blood from her right breast and throw them away, she will die. But whoever knows that and tells it will have his whole body turned to stone, from the crown of his head to the toe of his foot."

After the crows had thus talked with one another, they flew away, and the trusty John, who had perfectly understood all they had said, was from that time very quiet and sad; for if he concealed from his master what he had heard, misfortune would happen to him, and if he told him all he must give up his own life. But at last he thought, "I will save my master, even if I destroy myself."

As soon as they came on shore it happened just

as the crow had foretold, and an immense fox-red horse sprang up. "Capital!" said the King; "this shall carry me to my castle," and he tried to mount; but the faithful John came straight up, and, swinging himself quickly on, drew the firearms out of the holster and shot the horse dead. Then the other servants of the King, who were not on good terms with the faithful John, exclaimed, "How shameful to kill the beautiful creature, which might have borne the King to the castle!" But the King replied, "Be silent, and let him go; he is my very faithful John—who knows the good he may have done?" Now they went into the castle, and there stood a dish in the hall, and the splendid bridal shirt lay in it, and seemed nothing else than gold and silver. The young King went up to it and wished to take it up, but the faithful John pushed him away, and, taking it up with his gloves on, bore it quickly to the fire and let it burn. The other servants thereupon began to murmur, saying, "See, now he is burning the King's bridal shirt!" But the young King replied, "Who knows what good he has done? Let him alone—he is my faithful John."

Soon after, the wedding was celebrated, and a grand ball was given, and the bride began to dance. So the faithful John paid great attention, and watched her countenance; all at once she grew pale, and fell as if dead to the ground. Then he sprang up hastily, raised her up and bore her to a chamber, where he laid her down, kneeled beside her, and, drawing the

three drops of blood out of her right breast, threw them away. As soon as she breathed again, she raised herself up; but the young King had witnessed everything, and not knowing why the faithful John had done this, was very angry, and called out, "Throw him into prison!" The next morning the trusty John was brought up for trial, and led to the gallows; and as he stood upon them, and was about to be executed, he said, "Every one condemned to die may once before his death speak. Shall I also have that privilege?" "Yes," answered the King, "it shall be granted to you." Then the faithful John replied, "I have been unrighteously judged, and have always been true to you"; and he narrated the conversation of the crows which he heard at sea; and how, in order to save his master, he was obliged to do all he had done. Then the King cried out, "Oh, my most trusty John, pardon, pardon; lead him away!" But the trusty John had fallen down at the last word and was turned into stone.

At this event both the King and the Queen were in great grief, and the King asked, "Ah, how wickedly have I rewarded his great fidelity!" and he had the stone statue raised up and placed in his sleeping chamber, near his bed; and as often as he looked at it he wept and said, "Ah, could I bring you back to life again, my faithful John!"

After some time had passed the Queen bore twins, two little sons, who were her great joy. Once, when

the Queen was in church, and the two children at home playing by their father's side, he looked up at the stone statue full of sorrow, and exclaimed with a sigh, "Ah, could I restore you to life, my faithful John!" At these words the stone began to speak, saying, "Yes, you can make me alive again, if you will bestow on me that which is dearest to you." The King replied, "All that I have in the world I will give up for you." The stone spake again: "If you, with your own hand, cut off the heads of both your children and sprinkle me with their blood, I shall be brought to life again." The King was terrified when he heard that he must himself kill his two dear children; but he remembered his servant's great fidelity, and how the faithful John had died for him, and drawing his sword he cut off the heads of both his children with his own hand. And as soon as he had sprinkled the stone with blood the life came back to it, and the trusty John stood again alive and well before him, and said, "Your faith shall not go unrewarded"; and taking the heads of the two children he set them on again, and anointed their wounds with their blood, and thereupon they healed again in a moment, and the children sprang away and played as if nothing had happened.

Now the King was full of happiness, and as soon as he saw the Queen coming he hid the faithful John and both the children in a great cupboard. As soon as she came in he said to her, "Have you prayed in

the church?" "Yes," she answered; "but I thought continually of the faithful John, who has come to such misfortune through us." Then he replied, "My dear wife, we can restore his life again to him, but it will cost us both our little sons, whom we must sacrifice." The Queen became pale and was terrified at heart, but she said, "We are guilty of his life on account of his great fidelity." Then he was very glad that she thought as he did, and going up to the cupboard he unlocked it, brought out the children and the faithful John, saying, "God be praised! he is saved, and we have still our little sons"; and then he told her all that had happened. Afterwards they lived happily together to the end of their days.

THE LITTLE BROTHER AND SISTER

THERE was once a little Brother who took his Sister by the hand, and said, "Since our own dear mother's death we have not had one happy hour; our stepmother beats us every day, and, if we come near her, kicks us away with her foot. Our food is the hard crusts of bread which are left, and even the dog under the table fares better than we, for he often gets a nice morsel. Come, let us wander forth into the wide world." So the whole day long they traveled over meadows, fields, and stones, and when it rained the Sister said, "It is Heaven crying with our hearts." By evening they came into a large forest, and were so wearied with grief, hunger, and their long walk, that they laid themselves down in a hollow tree, and went to sleep. When they awoke the next morning, the sun had already risen high in the heavens, and it shone quite hot into the tree, so that the little Boy said to his Sister, "I am so thirsty, if I knew where there was a brook I would go and drink. Ah! I think I hear one running"; and so saying he got up, and, taking his Sister's hand, they went in search of the brook.

The wicked stepmother, however, was a witch, and had remarked the departure of the two children;

and sneaking after them secretly, as is the habit of witches, she had bewitched all the springs in the forest.

Presently they found a brook which ran trippingly over the pebbles, and the Brother would have drunk out of it, but the Sister heard how it said as it ran along, "Who drinks of me will become a tiger!" So the Sister exclaimed, "I pray you, Brother, drink not, or you will become a tiger, and tear me to pieces!" So the Brother did not drink, although his thirst was so great, and he said, "I will wait till the next brook." As they came to the second, the Sister heard it say, "Who drinks of me becomes a wolf!" The Sister ran up crying, "Brother, do not, pray, do not drink, or you will become a wolf, and eat me up!" Then the Brother did not drink, saying, "I will wait until we come to the next spring, but then I must drink, you may say what you will; my thirst is much too great." Just as they reached the third brook, the Sister heard the voice saying, "Who drinks of me will become a fawn,—who drinks of me will become a fawn!" So the Sister said, "Oh, my Brother, do not drink, or you will be changed to a fawn, and run away from me!" But he had already kneeled down, and drunk the water, and, as the first drops passed his lips, his form became that of a fawn.

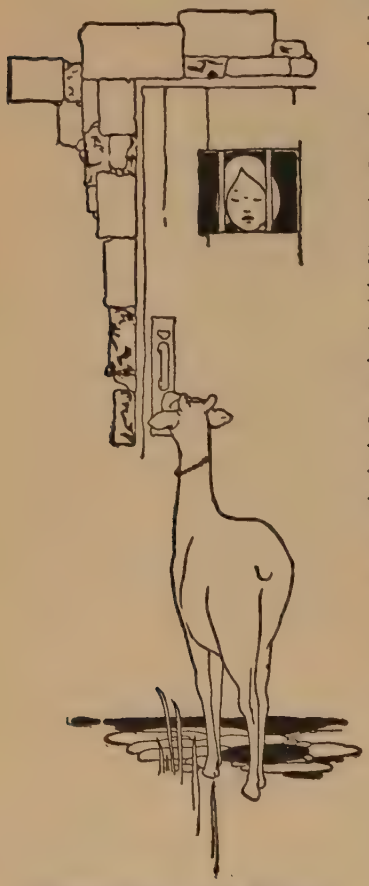
At first the Sister cried over the little changed Brother, and he wept too, and knelt by her very sorrowful; but at last the Maiden said, "Be still, dear little Fawn, and I will never forsake you"; and undoing

her golden garter she put it round his neck, and weaving rushes made a white girdle to lead him with. This she tied to him, and, taking the other end in her hand, she led him away, and they traveled deeper and deeper into the forest. After they had walked a long distance

She put it around his neck.

they came to a little hut, and the Maiden peeping in, found it empty, and thought, "Here we can stay and dwell." Then she looked for leaves and moss to make a soft couch for the Fawn, and every morning she went out and collected roots and berries and nuts for herself, and tender grass for the Fawn, which he ate out of her hand, and played happily around her. In the evening, when the Sister was tired, and had

said her prayers, she laid her head upon the back of the Fawn, which served for a pillow, on which she slept soundly. Had but the Brother regained his own proper form, their life would have been happy indeed.



"Listen, dear, open the door."

Thus they dwelt in this wilderness, and some time had elapsed, when it happened that the King of the country held a great hunt in the forest, and now resounded through the trees the blowing of horns, the barking of dogs, and the lusty cries of the hunters, so that the little Fawn heard them, and wanted very much to join. "Ah!" said he to his Sister, "let me go to the hunt, I cannot restrain myself any longer," and he begged so hard that at last she consented. "But," said she to him, "return again in the evening, for I shall shut my door against the wild huntsmen, and, that I may know you, do you knock, and say, 'Sister, let me in,' and if you do not speak I shall not open the door." As soon as she had said this, the little Fawn sprang off, quite glad

and merry in the fresh breeze. The King and his huntsmen perceived the beautiful animal, and pursued him; but they could not catch him, and, when they thought they had him for certain, he sprang away over the bushes, and got out of sight. Just as it was getting dark, he ran up to the hut, and, knocking, said, "Sister mine, let me in." Then she undid the little door, and he went in, and rested all night long upon his soft couch. The next morning the hunt was commenced again, and as soon as the little Fawn heard the horns and the tally-ho of the sportsmen he could not rest, and said, "Sister, dear, open the door, I must be off." The sister opened it, saying, "Return at evening, mind, and say the words as before." When the King and his huntsmen saw again the Fawn with the golden necklace, they followed him close, but he was too nimble and quick for them. The whole day long they kept up with him, but towards evening the huntsmen made a circle round him, and one wounded him slightly in the foot behind so that he could only run slowly. Then one of them slipped after him to the little hut, and heard him say, "Sister, dear, open the door," and saw that the door was opened and immediately shut behind him. The huntsman, having observed all this, went and told the King what he had seen and heard, and he said, "On the morrow I will once more pursue him."

The Sister, however, was terribly frightened when she saw her Fawn was wounded, and washing off the

blood she put herbs upon the foot, and said, "Go and rest upon your bed, dear Fawn, that the wound may heal." It was so slight that the next morning he felt nothing of it, and when he heard the hunting cries outside, he exclaimed, "I cannot stop away, I must be there, and none shall catch me so easily again!" The Sister wept very much, and told him "Soon they will kill you, and I shall be here all alone in this forest, forsaken by all the world; I cannot let you go."

"I shall die here in vexation," answered the Fawn, "if you do not, for when I hear the horn I think I shall jump out of my shoes." The Sister, finding she could not prevent him, opened the door with a heavy heart, and the Fawn jumped out, quite delighted, into the forest. As soon as the King perceived him, he said to his huntsmen, "Follow him all day long till the evening, but let no one do him an injury." When the sun had set, the King asked his huntsmen to show him the hut, and as they came to it he knocked at the door, and said, "Let me in, dear Sister." Then the door was opened, and, stepping in, the King saw a maiden more beautiful than he had ever before seen. She was frightened when she saw, not her Fawn, but a man step in, who had a golden crown upon his head. But the King, looking at her with a friendly glance, reached her his hand, saying, "Will you go with me to my castle and be my dear wife?" "Oh yes," replied the maiden, "but the Fawn must go too; him I will never forsake." The King replied, "He shall remain

with you as long as you live, and shall want for nothing." In the meantime the Fawn had come in, and the Sister, binding the girdle to him, again took it in her hand and led him away with her out of the hut.

The King took the beautiful maiden upon his horse, and rode to his castle, where the wedding was celebrated with great splendour, and she became queen, and they lived together a long time, while the Fawn was taken care of and lived well, playing about the castle-garden. The wicked stepmother, however, on whose account the children had wandered forth into the world, did not think but that the Sister had been torn in pieces by the wild beasts, and the little Brother hunted to death in his Fawn's shape by the hunters. As soon as she heard how happy they had become, and how everything prospered with them, envy and jealousy were aroused in her heart and left no peace; and she was always thinking in what way she could work misfortune to them. Her own daughter, who was as ugly as night, and had but one eye, for which she was continually reproached, said, "The luck of being a Queen has never yet happened to me." "Be quiet now," said the old woman, "and make yourself contented; when the time comes I shall be at hand." As soon, then, as the time came when the Queen brought into the world a beautiful little boy, which happened when the King was out hunting, the old witch took the form of a chambermaid, and got into the room where the Queen was lying, and said to her,

"The bath is ready, which will restore you and give you fresh strength; be quick, before it gets cold." Her daughter being at hand, they carried the weak Queen between them into the room, and laid her in the bath, and then, shutting the door to, they ran off; but first they had made up an immense fire in the stove which must soon suffocate the young Queen.

When this was done, the old woman took her daughter, and, putting a cap on her, laid her in the bed in the Queen's place. She gave her, too, the form and appearance of the real Queen as far as she could, but she could not restore the lost eye, and, so that the King might not notice it, she turned upon that side where there was no eye. When he came home at evening, and heard that a son was born to him, he was much delighted, and prepared to go to his wife's bedside to see how she did. So the old woman called out in a great hurry, "For your life, do not undraw the curtains; the Queen must not yet see the light, and must be kept quiet." So the King went away, and did not discover that a false Queen was laid in the bed.

When midnight came, and every one was asleep, the nurse, who sat by herself, wide awake, near the cradle, in the nursery, saw the door open and the true Queen come in. She took the child in her arms and rocked it awhile, and then shaking up its pillow, laid it down in its cradle and covered it over again. She did not forget the Fawn either, but, going to the

corner where he was, stroked his back, and then went silently out at the door. The nurse asked in the morning of the guards if any one had passed into the castle during the night, but they answered, "No, we have seen nobody." For many nights afterwards she came constantly, and never spoke a word; and the nurse saw her always, but she would not trust herself to speak about it to any one.

When some time had passed away, the Queen one night began to speak, and said,

"How fares my child, how fares my fawn?
Twice more will I come, but never again."

The nurse made no reply, but, when she had disappeared, went to the King and told him all. The King exclaimed, "Oh Heavens! what does this mean? The next night I will watch myself by the child." In the evening he went into the nursery, and about midnight the Queen appeared and said,

"How fares my child, how fares my fawn?
Once more will I come, but never again."

And she nursed the child, as she was used to do, and then disappeared. The King dared not speak, but he watched the following night, and this time she said,

"How fares my child, how fares my fawn?
This time will I come, but never again."

At these words the King could hold back no longer, but sprang up, and said, "You can be no

other than my dear wife!" Then she answered, "Yes, I am your dear wife!" and at that moment her life was restored by God's mercy, and she was again as beautiful and charming as ever. She told the King the fraud which the witch and her daughter had practised upon him, and he had them both tried and sentence pronounced against them. The daughter was taken into the forest, where the wild beasts tore her in pieces, but the old witch was led to the fire and miserably burnt. And as soon as she was reduced to ashes the little Fawn was unbewitched, and received again his human form; and the Brother and Sister lived happily together to the end of their days.

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

THERE was once a poor Widow who lived alone in her hut with her two children, who were called Snow-White and Rose-Red, because they were like the flowers which bloomed on two rose-bushes which grew before the cottage. But they were two as pious, good, industrious, and amiable children as any that were in the world, only Snow-White was more quiet and gentle than Rose-Red. For Rose-Red would run and jump about the meadows, seeking flowers and catching butterflies, while Snow-White sat at home helping her Mother to keep house, or reading to her if there were nothing else to do. The two children loved one another dearly, and always walked hand-in-hand when they went out together; and ever when they talked of it they agreed that they would never separate from each other, and that whatever one had the other should share. Often they ran deep into the forest and gathered wild berries; but no beast ever harmed them. For the hare would eat cauliflowers out of their hands, the fawn would graze at their side, the goats would frisk about them in play, and the birds remained perched on the boughs singing as if nobody were near. No accident ever befell them; and if they stayed late in the forest, and night came upon

them, they used to lie down on the moss and sleep till morning; and because their Mother knew they would do so, she felt no concern about them. One time when they had thus passed the night in the forest, and the dawn of morning awoke them, they saw a beautiful Child dressed in shining white sitting near their couch. She got up and looked at them kindly, but without saying anything went into the forest; and when the children looked round they saw that where they had slept was close to the edge of a pit, into which they would have certainly fallen had they walked a couple of steps farther in the dark. Their Mother told them the figure they had seen was doubtless the good angel who watches over children.

Snow-White and Rose-Red kept their Mother's cottage so clean that it was a pleasure to enter it. Every morning in the summer-time Rose-Red would first put the house in order, and then gather a nosegay for her Mother, in which she always placed a bud from each rose-tree. Every winter's morning Snow-White would light the fire and put the kettle on to boil, and although the kettle was made of copper it yet shone like gold, because it was scoured so well. In the evenings, when the flakes of snow were falling, the Mother would say, "Go, Snow-White, and bolt the door"; and then they used to sit down on the hearth, and the Mother would put on her spectacles and read out of a great book, while her children sat spinning. By their side, too, lay a little lamb, and

on a perch behind them a little white dove reposed with her head under her wing.

One evening, when they were thus sitting comfortably together, there came a knock at the door as if somebody wished to come in. "Make haste, Rose-Red," cried her Mother; "make haste and open the door; perhaps there is some traveler outside who needs shelter." So Rose-Red went and drew the bolt and opened the door, expecting to see some poor man outside; but instead, a great fat Bear poked his black head in. Rose-Red shrieked out and ran back, the little lamb bleated, the dove fluttered on her perch, and Snow-White hid herself behind her Mother's bed. The Bear, however, began to speak, and said, "Be not afraid, I will do you no harm; but I am half frozen, and wish to come in and warm myself."

"Poor Bear!" cried the Mother; "come in and lie down before the fire; but take care you do not burn your skin"; and then she continued, "Come here, Rose-Red and Snow-White, the Bear will not harm you, he means honourably." So they both came back, and by degrees the lamb too and the dove overcame their fears and welcomed the rough visitor.

"You children!" said the Bear, before he entered, "come and knock the snow off my coat." And they fetched their brooms and swept him clean. Then he stretched himself before the fire and grumbled out his satisfaction; and in a little while the children became familiar enough to play tricks with the unwieldy animal.

They pulled his long shaggy skin, set their feet upon his back and rolled him to and fro, and even ventured to beat him with a hazel stick, laughing when he grumbled. The Bear bore all their tricks good temperedly, and if they hit too hard he cried out,

"Leave me my life, you children,
Snow-White and Rose-Red,
Or you'll never wed."

When bed time came and the others were gone, the Mother said to the Bear, "You may sleep here on the hearth if you like, and then you will be safely protected from the cold and bad weather."

As soon as day broke the two children let the Bear out again, and he trotted away over the snow, and ever afterwards he came every evening at a certain hour. He would lie down on the hearth and allow the children to play with him as much as they liked, till by degrees they became so accustomed to him that the door was left unbolted till their black friend arrived.

But as soon as spring returned, and everything out of doors was green again, the Bear one morning told Snow-White that he must leave her, and could not return during the whole summer. "Where are you going, then, dear Bear?" asked Snow-White. "I am obliged to go into the forest and guard my treasures from the evil Dwarfs; for in winter, when the ground is hard, they are obliged to keep in their holes, and cannot work through; but now, since the sun has

thawed the earth and warmed it, the Dwarfs pierce through, and steal all they can find; and what has once passed into their hands, and gets concealed by them in their caves, is not easily brought to light." Snow-White, however, was very sad at the departure of the Bear, and opened the door so hesitatingly that when he pressed through it he left behind on the sneck a piece of his hairy coat; and through the hole which was made in his coat Snow-White fancied she saw the glittering of gold; but she was not quite certain of it. The Bear, however, ran hastily away, and was soon hidden behind the trees.

Some time afterwards the Mother sent the children into the wood to gather sticks; and while doing so, they came to a tree which was lying across the path, on the trunk of which something kept bobbing up and down from the grass, and they could not imagine what it was. When they came nearer they saw a Dwarf, with an old wrinkled face and a snow-white beard a yard long. The end of this beard was fixed in a split of the tree, and the little man kept jumping about like a dog tied by a chain, for he did not know how to free himself. He glared at the Maidens with his red fiery eyes, and exclaimed, "Why do you stand there? are you going to pass without offering me any assistance?" "What have you done, little man?" asked Rose-Red. "You stupid, gaping goose!" exclaimed he. "I wanted to have split the tree, in order to get a little wood for my kitchen, for

the little wood which we use is soon burnt up with great faggots, not like what you rough greedy people devour! I had driven the wedge in properly, and

The end of his beard was fixed in a split of the tree.

everything was going on well, when the smooth wood flew upwards, and the tree closed so suddenly together that I could not draw my beautiful beard out, and here it sticks and I cannot get away. There,

don't laugh, you milk-faced things! are you dumb-founded?"

The children took all the pains they could to pull the Dwarf's beard out; but without success. "I will run and fetch some help," cried Rose-Red at length.

"Crackbrained sheep's-head that you are!" snarled the Dwarf; "what are you going to call other people for? You are two too many now for me; can you think of nothing else?"

"Don't be impatient," replied Snow-White; "I have thought of something"; and pulling her scissors out of her pocket she cut off the end of the beard. As soon as the Dwarf found himself at liberty, he snatched up his sack, which laid between the roots of the tree, filled with gold, marched off, grumbling and groaning and crying, "Stupid people! to cut off a piece of my beautiful beard. Plague take you!" and away he went without once looking at the children.

Some time afterwards Snow-White and Rose-Red went a-fishing, and as they neared the pond they saw something like a great locust hopping about on the bank, as if going to jump into the water. They ran up and recognised the Dwarf. "What are you after?" asked Rose-Red; "you will fall into the water." "I am not quite such a simpleton as that," replied the Dwarf; "but do you not see this fish will pull me in." The little man had been sitting there angling, and unfortunately the wind had entangled his beard with the fishing line; and so, when a great fish bit at the

bait, the strength of the weak little fellow was not able to draw it out, and the fish had the best of the struggle. The Dwarf held on by the reeds and rushes which grew near; but to no purpose, for the fish pulled him where it liked, and he must soon have been drawn into the pond. Luckily just then the two Maidens arrived, and tried to release the beard of the Dwarf from the fishing line; but both were too closely entangled for it to be done. So the Maiden pulled out her scissors again and cut off another piece of the beard. When the Dwarf saw this done he was in a great rage, and exclaimed, "You donkey! that is the way to disfigure my face. Was it not enough to cut it once, but you must now take away the best part of my fine beard? I dare not show myself again now to my own people. I wish you had run the soles off your boots before you had come here!" So saying, he took up a bag of pearls which lay among the rushes, and without speaking another word, slipped off and disappeared behind a stone.

Not many days after this adventure, it chanced that the Mother sent the two Maidens to the next town to buy thread, needles and pins, laces and ribbons. Their road passed over a common, on which here and there great pieces of rock were lying about. Just over their heads they saw a great bird flying round and round, and every now and then, dropping lower and lower, till at last it flew down behind a rock. Immediately afterwards they heard a piercing shriek,

and running up they saw with affright that the eagle had caught their old acquaintance, the Dwarf, and was trying to carry him off. The compassionate children thereupon laid hold of the little man, and held him fast till the bird gave up the struggle and flew off. As soon then as the Dwarf had recovered from his fright, he exclaimed in his squeaking voice, "Could you not hold me more gently? You have seized my fine brown coat in such a manner that it is all torn and full of holes, meddling and interfering rubbish that you are!" With these words he shouldered a bag filled with precious stones, and slipped away to his cave among the rocks.

The Maidens were now accustomed to his ingratitude, and so they walked on to the town and transacted their business there. Coming home, they returned over the same common, and unawares walked up to a certain clean spot on which the Dwarf had shaken out his bag of precious stones, thinking nobody was near. The sun was shining, and the bright stones glittered in its beams and displayed such a variety of colours that the two Maidens stopped, to admire them.

"What are you standing there gaping for?" asked the Dwarf, while his face grew as red as copper with rage; he was continuing to abuse the poor Maidens, when a loud roaring noise was heard, and presently a great black Bear came rolling out of the forest. The Dwarf jumped up terrified, but he could not gain his retreat before the Bear overtook him. Thereupon,

he cried out, "Spare me, my dear Lord Bear! I will give you all my treasures. See these beautiful precious stones which lie here; only give me my life; for what have you to fear from a little weak fellow like me? you could not touch me with your big teeth. There are two wicked girls, take them; they would make nice morsels, as fat as young quails; eat them for heaven's sake."

The Bear, however, without troubling himself to speak, gave the bad-hearted Dwarf a single blow with his paw, and he never stirred after.

The Maidens were then going to run away, but the Bear called after them, "Snow-White and Rose-Red, fear not! wait a bit and I will accompany you." They recognised his voice and stopped; and when the Bear came, his rough coat suddenly fell off, and he stood up a tall man, dressed entirely in gold. "I am a king's son," he said, "and was condemned by the wicked Dwarf, who stole all my treasures, to wander about in this forest, in the form of a bear, till his death released me. Now he has received his well-deserved punishment."

Then they went home, and Snow-White was married to the Prince, and Rose-Red to his brother, with whom they shared the immense treasure which the Dwarf had collected. The old Mother also lived for many years happily with her two children, and the rose-trees which had stood before the cottage were planted now before the palace, and produced every year beautiful red and white roses.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

THERE was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a ditch, close by the sea-side. The fisherman used to go out all day long a-fishing; and one day, as he sat on the shore with his rod, looking at the shining water and watching his line, all on a sudden his float was dragged away deep under the sea; and in drawing it up he pulled a great fish out of the water.

The fish said to him, "Pray, let me live; I am not a real fish; I am an enchanted prince, put me in the water again, and let me go."

"Oh!" said the man, "you need not make so many words about the matter; I wish to have nothing to do with a fish that can talk; so swim away as soon as you please."

Then he put him back into the water, and the fish darted straight down to the bottom, and left a long streak of blood behind him.

When the fisherman went home to his wife in the ditch, he told her how he had caught a great fish, and how it had told him it was an enchanted prince, and that on hearing it speak he had let it go again.

"Did you not ask it for anything?" said the wife.

"No," said the man, "what should I ask for?"

"Ah!" said the wife, "we live very wretchedly here in this nasty stinking ditch; do go back and tell the fish we want a little cottage."

The Fisherman did not much like the business; however, he went to the sea, and when he came there the water looked all yellow and green. And he stood at the water's edge, and said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

Then the fish came swimming to him and said, "Well, what does she want?"

"Ah!" answered the fisherman, "my wife says that when I had caught you, I ought to have asked you for something before I let you go again; she does not like living any longer in the ditch, and wants a little cottage."

"Go home, then," said the fish, "she is in the cottage already."

So the man went home, and saw his wife standing at the door of a cottage.

"Come in, come in," said she; "is not this much better than the ditch?"

And there was a parlour, and a bed-chamber, and a kitchen; and behind the cottage there was a little garden with all sorts of flowers and fruits, and a courtyard full of ducks and chickens.

"Ah!" said the fisherman, "how happy we shall live!"

"We shall try to do so at least," said his wife.

Everything went right for a week or two, and then Dame Alice said,

"Husband, there is not room enough in this cottage, the courtyard and garden are a great deal too small; I should like to have a large stone castle to live in; so go to the fish again, and tell him to give us a castle."

"Wife," said the fisherman, "I don't like to go to him again, for perhaps he will be angry; we ought to be content with the cottage."

"Nonsense!" said the wife; "he will do it very willingly; go along and try."

The fisherman went; but his heart was very heavy; and when he came to the sea it looked blue and gloomy, though it was quite calm, and he went close to it and said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"Well, what does she want now?" said the fish.

"Ah!" said the man very sorrowfully, "my wife wants to live in a stone castle."

"Go home, then," said the fish, "she is standing at the door of it already."

So away went the fisherman, and found his wife standing before a great castle.

"See," said she, "is not this grand?"

With that they went into the castle together, and found a great many servants there, and the rooms all richly furnished and full of golden chairs and tables; and behind the castle was a garden, and a wood half a mile long, full of sheep, and goats, and hares, and deer; and in the courtyard were stables and cow-houses.

"Well!" said the man, "now we will live contented and happy in this beautiful castle for the rest of our lives."

"Perhaps we may," said the wife; "but let us consider and sleep upon it before we make up our minds"; so they went to bed.

The next morning, when Dame Alice awoke, it was broad daylight, and she jogged the fisherman with her elbow, and said,

"Get up, husband, and bestir yourself, for we must be king of all the land."

"Wife, wife," said the man, "why should we wish to be king? I will not be king."

"Then I will," said Alice.

"But, wife," answered the fisherman, "how can you be king? the fish cannot make you a king."

"Husband," said she, "say no more about it, but go and try; I will be king!"

So the man went away, quite sorrowful to think

that his wife should want to be king. The sea looked a dark-gray colour, and was covered with foam as he cried out,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"Well, what would she have now?" said the fish.

"Alas!" said the man, "my wife wants to be king."

"Go home," said the fish; "she is king already."

Then the fisherman went home, and as he came close to the palace, he saw a troop of soldiers, and heard the sound of drums and trumpets; and when he entered in, he saw his Wife sitting on a high throne of gold and diamonds, with a golden crown upon her head; and on each side of her stood six beautiful maidens, each a head taller than the other.

"Well, wife," said the fisherman, "are you king?"

"Yes," said she, "I am king."

And when he had looked at her for a long time, he said,

"Ah, wife! what a fine thing it is to be king! now we shall never have anything more to wish for."

"I don't know how that may be," said she; "never is a long time. I am king, 'tis true, but I begin to be tired of it, and I think I should like to be emperor."

"Alas, wife! why should you wish to be emperor?" said the fisherman.

"Husband," said she, "go to the fish; I say I will be emperor."

"Ah, wife!" replied the fisherman, "the fish cannot make an emperor, and I should not like to ask for such a thing."

"I am king," said Alice, "and you are my slave, so go directly!"

So the fisherman was obliged to go; and he muttered as he went along,

"This will come to no good, it is too much to ask, the fish will be tired at last. and then we shall repent of what we have done."

He soon arrived at the sea, and the water was quite black and muddy, and a mighty whirlwind blew over it; but he went to the shore and said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What would she have now?" said the fish.

"Ah!" said the fisherman, "she wants to be emperor."

"Go home," said the fish, "she is emperor already."

So he went home again; and as he came near he saw his wife sitting on a very lofty throne made of solid gold, with a great crown on her head full two yards high, and on each side of her stood her

guards and attendants in a row, each one smaller than the other, from the tallest giant down to a little dwarf no bigger than my finger. And before her stood princes and dukes and earls; and the fisherman went up to her and said,

"Wife, are you emperor?"

"Yes," said she, "I am emperor."

"Ah!" said the man, as he gazed upon her, "what a fine thing it is to be emperor!"

"Husband," said she, "why should we stay at being emperor? I will be pope next."

"Oh, wife, wife!" said he, "how can you be pope? there is but one pope at a time in Christendom."

"Husband," said she, "I will be pope this very day."

"But," replied the husband, "the fish cannot make you pope."

"What nonsense!" said she, "if he can make an emperor, he can make a pope, go and try him."

So the fisherman went. But when he came to the shore the wind was raging, and the sea was tossed up and down like boiling water, and the ships were in the greatest distress and danced upon the waves most fearfully; in the middle of the sky there was a little blue, but towards the south it was all red as if a dreadful storm was rising. At this the fisherman was terribly frightened, and trembled, so that his knees knocked together; but he went to the shore and said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now?" said the fish.

"Ah!" said the fisherman, "my wife wants to be pope."

"Go home," said the fish, "she is pope already."

Then the fisherman went home, and found his wife sitting on a throne that was two miles high; and she had three great crowns on her head, and around stood all the pomp and power of the Church; and on each side were two rows of burning lights, of all sizes, the greatest as high as the highest and biggest tower in the world, and the least no larger than a small rushlight.

"Wife," said the fisherman, as he looked at all this grandeur, "are you pope?"

"Yes," said she, "I am pope."

"Well, wife," replied he, "it is a grand thing to be pope; and now you must be content, for you can be nothing greater."

"I will consider of that," said the wife.

Then they went to bed, but Dame Alice could not sleep all night for thinking what she should be next. At last morning came, and the sun rose.

"Ha!" thought she as she looked at it through the window, "cannot I prevent the sun rising?"

At this she was very angry, and she wakened her husband, and in an excited manner said,

And there they lived to this very day.

"Husband, go to the fish and tell him I want to be lord of the sun and moon."

The fisherman was half asleep, but the thought frightened him so much that he started and fell out of bed.

"Alas, wife!" said he, "cannot you be content to be pope?"

"No," said she, "I am very uneasy, and cannot bear to see the sun and moon rise without my leave. Go to the fish directly."

Then the man went trembling for fear; and as he was going down to the shore a dreadful storm arose, so that the trees and the rocks shook; and the heaven became black, and the lightning played, and the thunder rolled; and you might have seen in the sea great black waves like mountains with a white crown of foam upon them; and the fisherman said,

'O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now?" said the fish.

"Ah!" said he, "she wants to be lord of the sun and moon."

"Go home," said the fish, "to your ditch again!"

And there they live to this very day.

ADVENTURES OF TOM THUMB

They had seven children—all boys.

ALONG time ago, a woodcutter lived with his wife in a small cottage not far from a great forest. They had seven children—all boys; and the youngest was the smallest little fellow ever seen. He was called Tom Thumb. But though he was so small, he was far cleverer than any of his brothers, and he heard a great deal more than anybody ever imagined.

It happened that just at this time there was a famine in the land. and the woodcutter and his wife

became so poor that they could no longer give their boys enough to eat.

One night—after the boys had gone to bed—the husband sighing deeply, said,

"We cannot feed our children any longer, and to see them starve before our eyes is more than I can bear. To-morrow morning, therefore, we will take them into the forest and leave them in the thickest part of it, so that they will not be able to find their way back."

His wife wept bitterly at the thought of leaving their children to perish in the forest; but she, too, thought it better than to see them die before her eyes. So she consented to her husband's plan.

But all this time Tom Thumb had been awake, and he had overheard all the conversation. He lay awake a long while thinking what to do. Then, slipping quietly out of bed, he ran down to the river and filled his pocket with small white pebbles from the river's brink.

In the morning the parents called the children, and, after giving them a crust of bread, they all set out for the wood. Tom Thumb did not say a word to his brothers of what he had overheard; but, lingering behind, he dropped the pebbles from his pocket one by one, as they walked, so that he should be able to find his way home. When they reached a very thick part of the forest, the father and mother told the children to wait while they went a little farther to

cut wood, but as soon as they were out of sight they turned and went home by another way.

When darkness fell, the children began to realize that they were deserted, and they began to cry loudly. Tom Thumb, however, did not cry.

"Do not weep, my brothers," he said encouragingly. "Only wait until the moon rises, and we shall soon be able to find our way home."

When at length the moon rose, it shone down upon the white pebbles which Tom Thumb had scattered; and, following this path, the children soon reached their father's house.

The wife went out and bought bread and meat.

But at first they were afraid to go in, and waited outside the door to hear what their parents were talking about.

Now, it happened that when the father and mother reached home, they found a rich gentleman had sent them ten crowns, in payment for work which had been done long before. The wife went out at once and bought bread and meat, and she and her husband sat down to make a hearty meal. But the mother

could not forget her little ones; and at last she cried to her husband:

"Alas! where are our poor children? How they would have enjoyed this good feast!"

The children, listening at the door, heard this and cried out, "Here we are, mother; here we are!" and, overjoyed, the mother flew to let them in and kissed them all round.

Their parents were delighted to have their little ones with them again; but soon the ten crowns were spent, and they found themselves as badly off as before. Once more they agreed to leave the children in the forest, and once again Tom Thumb overheard them. This time he did not trouble himself very much; he thought it would be easy for him to do as he had done before. He got up very early the next morning to go and get the pebbles; but, to his dismay, he found the house door securely locked. Then, indeed, he did not know what to do, and for a little while he was in great distress. However, at breakfast the mother gave each of the children a slice of bread, and Tom Thumb thought he would manage to make his piece of bread do as well as the pebbles, by breaking it up and dropping the crumbs as he went.

This time the father and mother took the children still deeper and farther into the wood, and then, slipping away, left them alone.

Tom Thumb consoled his brothers as before, but when he came to look for the crumbs of bread, not

one of them was left. The birds had eaten them all up, and the poor children were lost in the forest, with no possible means of finding their way home.

Tom Thumb did not lose courage. He climbed to the top of a high tree and looked round to see if there was any way of getting help. In the distance he saw a light burning, and, coming down from the tree, he led his brothers toward the house from which it came.

Climbed to the top of a high tree.

When they knocked at the door, it was opened by a pleasant-looking woman, and Tom Thumb told her they were poor children who had lost their road, and begged her to give them a night's shelter.

"Alas, my poor children!" said the woman, "you do not know where you have come to. This is the house of an ogre who eats up little boys and girls."

"But, madam," replied Tom Thumb, "what shall we do? If we go back to the forest we are certain to be torn to pieces by the wolves. We had better, I think, stay and be eaten by the ogre."

The ogre's wife had pity on the little things, and she thought she would be able to hide them from her husband for one night. She took them in, gave them food, and let them warm themselves by the fire.

Very soon there came a loud knocking at the door. It was the ogre come home. His wife hid the children under the bed, and then hurried to let her husband in.

No sooner had the ogre entered than he began

"But, Madam," replied Tom Thumb, "what shall we do?"

to sniff this way and that. "I smell flesh," he said, looking round the room.

"It must be the calf which has just been killed," said his wife.

"I smell child's flesh, I tell you!" cried the ogre, and he suddenly made a dive under the bed, and drew out the children one by one.

"Oh, ho, madam!" said he; "so you thought to cheat me, did you? But, really, this is very lucky! I have invited three ogres to dinner to-morrow; these brats will make a nice dish."

He fetched a huge knife and began sharpening it, while the poor boys fell on their knees and begged for mercy. But their prayers and entreaties were useless. The ogre seized one of the children and was just about to kill him, when his wife said,

"What in the world makes you take the trouble of killing them to-night? Why don't you leave them till the morning? There will be plenty of time, and they will be much fresher."

"That is very true," said the ogre, throwing down the knife. "Give them a good supper, so that they may not get lean, and send them to bed."

Now, the ogre had seven young daughters, who were all about the same age as Tom Thumb and his brothers. These young ogresses all slept together in one large bed, and every one of them had a crown of gold on her head. There was another bed of the same size in the room, and in this the ogre's wife, having provided them all with nightcaps, put the seven little boys.

But Tom Thumb was afraid that the ogre might change his mind in the night, and kill him and his brothers while they were asleep. So he crept softly out of bed, took off his brothers' nightcaps and his own, and stole over to the bed where the young ogresses lay. He drew off their crowns very gently, and put the nightcaps on their heads instead. Then he put the crowns on his brothers' heads and his own, and got into bed again.

In the middle of the night the ogre woke up, and

These young orgresses all slept together in one large

began to be sorry that he had put off killing the boys until the morning.

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," he said; and, jumping out of bed, he got his knife and walked stealthily to the room where the boys were. He walked up to the bed, and they were all asleep except Tom Thumb, who, however, kept his eyes fast shut, and did not show that he was awake. The ogre touched their heads, one after another, and feeling the crowns of gold, he said to himself:

"What a mistake I was going to make!" He then went to the bed where his own daughters were sleeping, and, feeling the nightcaps, he said:

"Oh, ho, here you are, my lads!" and in a moment he had killed them all. He then went back to his own room to sleep till morning.

As soon as Tom Thumb heard him snoring, he roused his brothers, and told them to dress quickly and follow him. He led them downstairs and out of the house; and then, stealing on tiptoe through the garden, they jumped down from the wall into the road and ran swiftly away.

bed, and each one had a crown of gold on her head.

In the morning, when the ogre found what a dreadful thing he had done, he was terribly shocked.

"Fetch me my seven-league boots," he cried to his wife. "I will go and catch those young vipers. They shall pay for this piece of work!" And, drawing on the magic boots, the ogre set out.

He went striding over the country, stepping from mountain to mountain, and crossing rivers as if they had been streams. The poor children watched him coming in fear and trembling. They had found the way to their father's home, and had very nearly reached it when they saw the ogre racing after them.

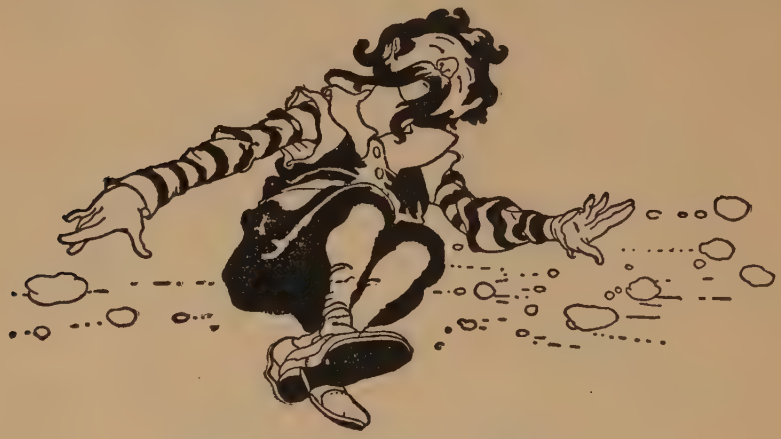
Tom Thumb thought for a moment what was to be done. Then he saw a hollow place under a large rock.

"Get in there," he said to his brothers.

When they were all in he crept in himself, but kept his eyes fixed on the ogre, to see what he would do.

The ogre, seeing nothing of the children, sat down to rest himself on the very rock under which the poor boys were hiding. He was tired with his journey, and soon fell fast asleep, and began to snore so loudly

that the little fellows were terrified. Tom Thumb told his brothers to creep out softly and run home; which they did. Then he crept up to the ogre, pulled off the seven-league boots very gently and put them



He was tired and soon fell asleep.

on his own feet, for being fairy boots they could fit themselves to any foot, however small.

As soon as Tom Thumb had put on the ogre's seven-league boots, he took ten steps to the Palace, which was seventy miles off, and asked to see the King. He offered to carry news to the King's army, which was then a long way off; and so useful was he with his magic boots, that in a short time he had made money enough to keep himself, his father, his mother and his six brothers without the trouble of working for the rest of their lives.

And now let us see what has become of the wicked ogre, whom we left sleeping on the rock.

When he awoke he missed his seven-league boots, and set off for home very angry.

On his way he had to cross a bog; and, forgetting that he was no longer wearing his magic boots, he tried to cross it with one stride. But, instead, he put his foot down in the middle and began to sink. As fast as he tried to pull out one foot, the other sank deeper, until at last he was swallowed up in the black slime—and that was the end of him.

Tom Thumb put on the ogre's seven-league boots.

THE TWO KINGS' CHILDREN

ONCE upon a time there was a King who had a little boy of whom it was foretold that when he was sixteen years old he would be killed by a stag. Just when he had reached this age, he went out hunting with the royal huntsman, and during the chase, the Prince wandered away from his companions, and soon perceived a fine stag, which he took a fancy to shoot. He pursued it a long way without success, until the stag ran into a little hollow, where it changed itself into a tall, thin man, who said to the Prince, "Now all is well; I have caught you at last; often have I followed you with silent footsteps, but never till this time could I catch you." So saying, the man took the Prince with him, and rowed him over a wide lake, till they came to a royal palace, where they sat down at a table and partook of a meal together. When they had finished the King said, "I have three daughters, the eldest of whom you must watch this night, sitting from nine o'clock in the evening till morning; and every time the clock strikes I shall come, and call gently, and, if you give me no answers, in the morning you shall die; but, if you reply readily each time, you shall have my daughter to wife."

When the young Prince was led into the chamber,

he saw a great stone image there, to which the Princess said, "When my father comes at nine, and every hour afterwards, do you give an answer when he speaks instead of the Prince." The stone image nodded its head, at first rapidly, and then gradually slower, till it stopped altogether. The next morning the King told the Prince he had performed his work well, but he could not yet give up his daughter, and he must watch this night the second one, and after that he would consider about giving him his eldest daughter to wife. "Again," said he, "I shall come every hour, and call gently, that you may answer; but if you do not answer, your blood shall flow as a punishment!"

With this they went up to the second daughter's chamber, and there stood a much larger image, which the Princess bade to answer when the King called. The large stone image thereupon nodded its head, as the other had done, first in quick time, and gradually slower, till it stood still. The Prince laid down upon the threshold and went to sleep, with his head resting upon his arm, and the next morning the King said again, "I cannot now give up my daughter, although you have performed what I required; so this night you must watch my youngest child, and then I will consider if you can have my second daughter to wife; again I shall come every hour, and call, and, if you reply, well and good; but if not, your blood must flow in satisfaction!"

They ascended to the youngest Princess's room,

and there was a much taller and larger image, twice as big as the other two, to which this Princess also said, "Answer if my father calls." The tall image nodded its head for half an hour and then ceased, while the King's son laid down upon the threshold, as before, and went to sleep. The following morning the King said he had certainly watched well, but still he could not give him his daughter till he had first removed a certain huge forest, which, if he had effected by the evening of that day, he would consider the matter. Then he gave him a glass axe, a glass wedge, and a glass mallet, with which the Prince began his work; but at the first stroke the axe broke in halves, and at the first blow both the wedge and the mallet were shivered to pieces. Thereupon he was so troubled, believing that he should be put to death, that he sat down and wept. And, as it was just noonday, the King said to his daughters, "One of you must take him something to eat." "No, no," said the two eldest, "we will not; let the one he watched last wait upon him." So the youngest Princess had to carry the Prince his meal, and when she got to the forest she asked him how he got on? "Alas!" said the youth, "everything goes ill!" The Princess pressed him to eat a bit before he went on, but he refused, saying, "No; I must die, and I am resolved I will eat no more." At length he was overpersuaded and did eat what she brought. When he had finished, she made him play at ball with her; and soon he fell asleep from weariness.

Then she took her handkerchief, and tied a knot in the end, with which she knocked three times upon the ground, and cried, "Earthmen, come up!" Immediately ever so many little dwarfs made their appearance, and inquired of the Princess what she wanted.

"Earthmen, come up!"

"In three hours from this time," said she, "this forest must be cleared away, and all the timber piled up in heaps."

The earthmen collected all their forces, and set to work, and in three hours all was completed, and they summoned the Princess to see, who thereupon rapped upon the ground again, crying, "Earthmen, go home!" and all disappeared at once. Then she awoke the Prince, who was overjoyed to see what was done; but she bade him not return till it struck six.

At that time he came back, and the King inquired if he had done his work. "Yes," answered the Prince, "I have cleared away the forest." Afterwards they sat down to supper, and the King then told the Prince he could not yet give him any of his daughters to wife till he had performed another work. This was to clear out a deep ditch and fill it with water, so that it should look as clear as a mirror, and, besides, be full of all sorts of fish. The next morning accordingly the King gave him a glass spade, and said the ditch must be ready at six o'clock. The Prince began to dig at once, but as soon as he struck the spade into the ground it broke in two, as the hatchet had done the day before. He was sore troubled, for he knew not what to do, and waited till noonday, when the youngest Princess again brought him his dinner, and asked him how he got on. "Alas!" said he, hiding his face in his hands, "the same ill-luck has befallen me." The Princess tried to comfort him, saying that he would think differently when he had eaten and rested. Still he refused, declaring that he should die, and would eat no more. At last she persuaded him and, being weary with care, he fell asleep. While he was snoring the Princess took out her handkerchief and rapped on the ground thrice, while she called, "Earth-men, come up!" They appeared at once, and asked her business. "In three hours from this time you must clear this ditch, and make it as clear as crystal; and besides, all sorts of fish must be within it."

The earthmen thereupon collected all their strength, and worked so hard that in two hours it was all ready. When they had done, they told the Princess her command was obeyed, and she, rapping thrice on the earth as before, said, "Return home, then, earthmen!" They all disappeared at once, and she awoke the Prince, who saw that the ditch was ready. Then the Princess returned home, and bade him not come till six o'clock, at which hour he arrived, and the King asked him whether the ditch were ready. "Yes," he replied. "That is well," said the King; but at supper he again declared that he could not give up his daughter till he had done another thing. "What, then, is that?" asked the Prince. "There is a great hill," replied the King, "whereon are several crags of rock, which must all be demolished; and instead thereof you must build up a fine castle, which must be stronger than one can imagine; and, besides, filled with every necessary appurtenance." The following morning the King gave him a glass pickaxe and bore, and told him the work must be ready by six o'clock. At the first stroke with the pickaxe the pieces flew far and wide, and he had only the handle left in his hands, and the bore would make no impression. At these misfortunes he was quite disheartened, and sat down to wait and see if his mistress would assist him. At noonday she came as before, bringing him somewhat to eat, and he ran up to her, and told her all his troubles. First she made him eat and go

to sleep as before, and then she rapped thrice as before with her knotted handkerchief on the ground, crying, "Come up, little earthmen!" They made their appearance at once, and asked her wishes. And she told them that, in three hours from that time, they must remove all the rocks which were on the hill, and build in their stead a noble castle, finer than any one had ever seen, and filled, moreoever, with all the necessary appurtenances. The dwarfs fetched their tools and worked away, and in the three hours they completed everything. They told the Princess when they had finished, and she, rapping on the ground as before three times with her knotted handkerchief, cried, "Earthmen, go home!" and immediately they all disappeared. Then she awoke the Prince; and they were merry together as birds in the air, and when six o'clock struck they went home together. The King asked, "Is that castle ready, too?" "Yes," was the reply. Afterwards, when they sat down to table, the King said to the Prince, "I cannot give you my youngest daughter till you have asked her two sisters." This speech saddened both the Princess and the Prince, who knew not what to do. But at night he came to her, and they escaped together; but on the way the Princess looked back, and saw her father pursuing them. "Alas!" she cried, "what shall we do? my father is behind us, and will overtake us; I will change you into a thorn-bush, and myself into a rose, and always rest in your protection."

So when the father came to the spot he found only a thorn-bush and a rose, which he was going to pull off, when the thorns pricked his finger, and sent him home again. On his return his wife asked him why he had not brought them with him, and he told her he had followed them till he had lost sight of them, and when he came to the spot he found only a thorn and a rose. "You should have broken the rose-bud off, and the thorn-bush would have followed of itself!" exclaimed his wife. Thereupon he went away to fetch the rose, but in the meantime the two had escaped farther away from the field where he left them, and the King was obliged to follow them. The Princess peeped behind her, and seeing her father coming, cried, "Ah! now what shall we do? I will transform you into a church, and myself into the parson, and mount in the pulpit to preach." So when the King came to the spot, he found a church and a parson preaching in the pulpit, so he stopped and heard the sermon and then returned home. The Queen asked if he had brought the fugitives, and he replied no; he had followed them to the spot where he thought they were, and had seen only a church, in the pulpit of which a parson was delivering a sermon. "You should have brought the parson with you," said his wife; "the church must have followed also; but now I must go myself, for it is useless to send you." Just as she was getting near the church, the Princess, peeping around, saw her mother coming, and exclaimed, "This

is worse luck than all, for here comes mother; I will change you into a pond and myself into a fish." So when the Queen came to the place she found a large pond, and in the midst of it a fish swimming about and leaping out of the water merrily. The Queen tried to catch the fish, but she could not manage it, and so she drank up the whole pond, but it soon filled again, and she found that she could not succeed. So she turned to go home, but first she gave her daughter three walnuts, and said, "With these you can help yourself if you are in necessity."

The young people journeyed on again, and in about an hour's time they came in sight of the castle where the Prince formerly dwelt, close by which was a village. The Prince, as they approached the place, said to his companion, "Stop here, my dearest, while I go up to the castle and bring down carriages and servants to meet you."

As soon as he arrived at the castle there was great rejoicing at his return, and he told them his bride was waiting for him down in the village below while he went to bring a carriage. The servants soon harnessed the horses and placed themselves behind the carriage; but the Prince, before he got in, kissed his mother, and as soon as he had done so he forgot all that had happened and all that he was about. The Queen Mother then commanded the horses to be taken out of the carriage, and all went back into the house.

Meanwhile the Princess remained below in the village waiting and waiting to be fetched, but nobody came, and by-and-by she hired herself to the miller whose mill belonged to the castle, and there, by the water, she sat all day long washing linen. One morning the Queen came by the stream while she was taking an airing, and saw the maiden sitting there. "What a fine girl that is!" she exclaimed, "she pleases me well!" but the Queen passed on and thought no more about her. So the maiden remained a long while with the miller, till the time came that the Queen had found a bride from a far distant country for her son. When this bride came a great number of people were invited to celebrate her arrival, and the maiden asked leave of her master to go too. On the wedding-day she opened one of the three nuts her mother had given her, and in it she found a very beautiful dress which she put on, and went into the church and took a place near the altar. Presently the bride and bridegroom entered and placed themselves before the altar, but, just as the priest was about to bless them, the bride, peeping on one side, saw the maiden with the beautiful dress, and thereupon refused to be married unless she was dressed the same. So all the train had to return home, and the strange lady was asked if she would lend her dress. No! and neither would she sell it for any money; but there was one condition on which she would part with it. This was, that she should be allowed to sleep one night before the door

of the Prince's chamber. This was granted; but the servants gave their master a sleeping draught, so that he did not hear a word of the maiden's plaints, and there she lay all night long endeavoring to remind him how she had cut down the wood for him, filled up the ditch, built the castle, changed him into a thorn-bush, a church, and lastly a pond, and yet he had forsaken her. But the Prince heard nothing, and the next morning the bride put on the dress, and they went again to church. Then the same events took place as the day before, and the maiden had leave to sleep again in return for her dress. This time the Prince did not take his draught, and he heard all her complaint and was very much troubled. The next morning he went to the maiden and begged her forgiveness for all his forgetfulness. The true bride then drew out and cracked her third nut, and the dress which laid in it was so beautiful that all the boys and girls ran after, and strewed flowers in the path of the bride. So the Prince and Princess were happily married; but the old Queen and the envious bride were forced to run away.

THE GRATEFUL BEASTS

A CERTAIN man, who had lost almost all his money, resolved to set off with the little that was left him, and travel into the wide world. Then the first place he came to was a village, where the young people were running about crying and shouting.

"What is the matter?" asked he.

"See here," answered they, "we have got a mouse that we make dance to please us. Do look at him; what a droll sight it is! how he jumps about!"

But the man pitied the poor little thing, and said, "Let the mouse go, and I will give you money."

So he gave them some, and took the mouse and let him run; and he soon jumped into a hole that was close by, and was out of their reach.

Then he traveled on and came to another village, and there the children had got an ass that they had made stand on its hind legs and tumble, at which they laughed and shouted, and gave the poor beast no rest. So the good man gave them also some money to let the poor ass alone.

At the next village he came to, the young people had got a bear that had been taught to dance, and they were plaguing the poor thing sadly. Then he

gave them too some money to let the beast go, and the bear was very glad to get on his four feet, and seemed quite happy.

But the man had now given away all the money he had in the world, and had not a shilling in his pocket. Then said he to himself,

"The king has heaps of gold in his treasury that he never uses; I cannot die of hunger, I hope I shall be forgiven if I borrow a little, and when I get rich again I will repay it all."

Then he managed to get into the treasury, and took a very little money; but as he came out the king's guards saw him, so they said he was a thief, and took him to the judge, and he was sentenced to be thrown into the water in a box. The lid of the box was full of holes to let in the air, and a jug of water and a loaf of bread were given him.

Whilst he was swimming along in the water very sorrowfully, he heard something nibbling and biting at the lock; and all of a sudden it fell off, the lid flew open, and there stood his old friend the little mouse, who had done him this service. And then came the ass and the bear, and pulled the box ashore; and all helped him, because he had been kind to them.

But now they did not know what to do next, and began to consult together; when on a sudden a wave threw on the shore a beautiful white stone that looked like an egg. Then the bear said,

"That's a lucky thing; this is the wonderful stone,

and whoever has it may have everything else that he wishes."

So the man went and picked up the stone, and wished for a palace and a garden, and a stud of horses; and his wish was fulfilled as soon as he had made it. And there he lived in his castle and garden, with fine stables and horses; and all was so grand and beautiful, that he never could wonder and gaze at it enough.

After some time, some merchants passed by that way.

"See," said they, "what a princely palace! The last time we were here, it was nothing but a desert waste."

They were very curious to know how all this had happened; so they went in and asked the master of the palace how it had been so quickly raised.

"I have done nothing myself," answered he, "it is the wonderful stone that did it all."

"What a strange stone that must be!" said they.

Then he invited them in and showed it to them. They asked him whether he would sell it, and offered him all their goods for it; and the goods seemed so fine and costly, that he quite forgot that the stone would bring him in a moment a thousand better and richer things, and he agreed to make the bargain.

Scarcely was the stone, however, out of his hands before all his riches were gone, and he found himself sitting in his box in the water, with his jug of water and loaf of bread by his side. The grateful beasts, the

mouse, the ass, and the bear, came directly to help him; but the mouse found she could not nibble off the lock this time, for it was a great deal stronger than before.

Then the bear said, "We must find the wonderful stone again, or all our endeavours will be fruitless."

The merchants, meantime, had taken up their abode in the palace; so away went the three friends, and when they came near, the bear said,

"Mouse go in and look through the key-hole and see where the stone is kept; you are small, nobody will see you."

The mouse did as she was told, but soon came back and said, "Bad news! I have looked in, and the stone hangs under the looking-glass by a red silk string, and on each side of it sits a great cat with fiery eyes to watch it."

Then the others took counsel together and said, "Go back again, and wait till the master of the palace is in bed asleep, then nip his nose and pull his hair."

Away went the mouse, and did as they directed her; and the master jumped up very angry, and rubbed his nose, and cried,

"Those rascally cats are good for nothing at all, they let the mice eat my very nose and pull the hair off my head."

Then he hunted them out of the room; and so the mouse had the best of the game.

Next night as soon as the master was asleep, the mouse crept in again, and nibbled at the red silken string to which the stone hung, till down it dropped, and she rolled it along to the door; but when it got there, the poor little mouse was quite tired; so she said to the ass,

"Put in your foot, and lift it over the threshold."

This was soon done; and they took up the stone, and set off to the waterside.

Then the ass said, "How shall we reach the box?"

But the bear answered, "That is easily managed; I can swim very well, and do you, donkey, put your fore feet over my shoulders; mind and hold fast, and take the stone in your mouth; as for you, mouse, you can sit in my ear."

It was all settled thus, and away they swam. After a time, the bear began to brag and boast.

"We are brave fellows, are not we, ass?" said he; "what do you think?"

But the ass held his tongue, and said not a word.

"Why don't you answer me?" said the bear, "you must be an ill-mannered brute not to speak when you're spoken to."

When the ass heard this, he could hold no longer; so he opened his mouth, and dropped the wonderful stone.

"I could not speak," said he; "did not you know I had the stone in my mouth? now 'tis lost, and that's your fault."

"Do but hold your tongue and be quiet," said the bear; "and let us think what's to be done."

Then a council was held; and at last they called together all the frogs, their wives and families, relations and friends, and said,

"A great enemy is coming to eat you all up; but never mind, bring us up plenty of stones, and we'll build a strong wall to guard you."

The frogs hearing this were dreadfully frightened, and set to work, bringing up all the stones they could find. At last came a large fat frog pulling along the wonderful stone by the silken string; and when the bear saw it, he jumped for joy, and said,

"Now we have found what we wanted."

So he released the old frog from his load, and told him to tell his friends they might go about their business as soon as they pleased.

Then the three friends swam off again for the box; and the lid flew open, and they found that they were but just in time, for the bread was all eaten, and the jug almost empty. But as soon as the good man had the stone in his hand, he wished himself safe and sound in his palace again; and in a moment there he was, with his garden and his stables and his horses; and his three faithful friends dwelt with him, and they all spent their time happily and merrily as long as they lived.

THE NOSE

DID you ever hear the story of the three poor soldiers, who, after having fought hard in the wars, set out on their road home begging their way as they went?

They had journeyed on a long way, sick at heart with their bad luck at thus being turned loose on the world in their old days, when one evening they reached a deep gloomy wood through which they must pass; night came fast upon them, and they found that they must, however unwillingly, sleep in the wood; so to make all as safe as they could, it was agreed that two should lie down and sleep, while a third sat up and watched lest wild beasts should break in and tear them to pieces; when he was tired he was to wake one of the others and sleep in his turn, and so on with the third, so as to share the work fairly among them.

The two who were to rest first soon lay down and fell fast asleep, and the other made himself a good fire under the trees and sat down by the side to keep watch. He had not sat long before all on a sudden up came a little man in a red jacket.

"Who's there?" said he.

"A friend," said the soldier.

"What sort of a friend?"

"An old broken soldier," said the other, "with his two comrades who have nothing left to live on; come, sit down and warm yourself."

"Well, my worthy fellow," said the little man, "I will do what I can for you; take this and show it to your comrades in the morning."

So he took out an old cloak and gave it to the soldier, telling him that whenever he put it over his shoulders anything that he wished for would be fulfilled; then the little man made him a bow and walked away.

The second soldier's turn to watch soon came, and the first laid himself down to sleep; but the second man had not sat by himself long before up came the little man in the red jacket again. The soldier treated him in a friendly way as his comrade had done, and the little man gave him a purse, which he told him was always full of gold, let him draw as much as he would.

Then the third soldier's turn to watch came, and he also had the little man for his guest, who gave him a wonderful horn that drew crowds around it whenever it was played; and made every one forget his business to come and dance to its beautiful music.

In the morning each told his story and showed his treasure; and as they all liked each other very much and were old friends, they agreed to travel together to see the world, and for a while only to make use of the wonderful purse. And thus they spent their time very joyously, till at last they began to be tired

of this roving life, and thought they should like to have a home of their own. So the first soldier put his old cloak on and wished for a fine castle. In a moment it stood before their eyes; fine gardens and green lawns spread round it, and flocks of sheep and goats and herds of oxen were grazing about, and out of the gate came a fine coach with three dapple gray horses to meet them and bring them home.

All this was very well for a time; but it would not do to stay at home always, so they got together all their rich clothes and houses and servants, and ordered their coach with three horses, and set out on a journey to see a neighbouring king. Now this king had an only daughter, and as he took the three soldiers for king's sons, he gave them a kind welcome.

One day, as the second soldier was walking with the princess, she saw him with the wonderful purse in his hand; and having asked him what it was, he was foolish enough to tell her;—though indeed it did not much signify, for she was a witch and knew all the wonderful things that the soldiers had brought. Now this princess was very cunning and artful; so she set to work and made a purse so like the soldier's that no one would know one from the other, and then asked him to come and see her, and made him drink some wine that she had got ready for him, till he fell fast asleep. Then she felt in his pocket, and took away the wonderful purse and left the one she had made in its place.

The next morning the soldiers set out home, and soon after they reached their castle, happening to want some money, they went to their purse for it, and found something indeed in it, but to their great sorrow when they had emptied it, none came in the place of what they took. Then the cheat was soon found out; for the second soldier knew where he had been, and how he had told the story to the princess, and he guessed that she had betrayed him.

"Alas!" cried he, "poor wretches that we are, what shall we do?"

"Oh!" said the first soldier, "let no gray hairs grow for this mishap; I will soon get the purse back."

So he threw his cloak across his shoulders and wished himself in the princess's chamber. There he found her sitting alone telling her gold that fell around her in a shower from the purse. But the soldier stood looking at her too long, for the moment she saw him she started up and cried out with all her force, "Thieves! Thieves!" so that the whole court came running in and tried to seize him.

The poor soldier now began to be dreadfully frightened in his turn, and thought it was high time to make the best of his way off; so without thinking of the ready way of traveling that his cloak gave him, he ran to the window, opened it, and jumped out; and unluckily in his haste his cloak caught and was left hanging, to the great joy of the princess, who knew its worth.

The poor soldier made the best of his way home to his comrades, on foot and in a very downcast mood; but the third soldier told him to keep up his heart, and took his horn and blew a merry tune. At the first blast a countless troop on foot and horse came rushing to their aid, and they set out to make war against their enemy. Then the king's palace was besieged, and he was told that he must give up the purse and cloak, or that not one stone should be left upon another. And the king went into his daughter's chamber and talked with her; but she said, "Let me first try if I cannot beat them some other way."

So she thought of a cunning scheme to overreach them, and dressing herself as a poor girl with a basket on her arm, set out by night with her maid for the enemy's camp as if she wanted to sell trinkets.

In the morning she began to ramble about, singing ballads so beautifully that all the tents were left empty, and the soldiers ran round in crowds and thought of nothing but hearing her sing. Amongst the rest came the soldier to whom the horn belonged, and as soon as she saw him she winked to her maid, who slipped slyly through the crowd and went into his tent where it hung, and stole it away. This done, they both got safely back to the palace; the besieging army went away, the three wonderful gifts were all left in the hands of the princess, and the three soldiers were as penniless and forlorn as when the little man with the red jacket found them in the wood.

Poor fellows! they began to think what was now to be done.

"Comrades," at last said the second soldier, who had had the purse, "we had better part, we cannot live together, let each seek his bread as well as he can."

So he turned to the right, and the other two to the left; for they said they would rather travel together. Then on he strayed till he came to a wood (now this was the same wood where they had met with so much good luck before); and he walked on a long time till evening began to fall, when he sat down tired beneath a tree, and soon fell asleep.

Morning dawned, and he was greatly delighted, at opening his eyes, to see that the tree was laden with the most beautiful apples. He was hungry enough, so he soon plucked and ate first one, then a second, then a third apple. A strange feeling came over his nose; when he put the apple to his mouth something was in the way; he felt it; it was his nose, that grew and grew till it hung down to his breast. It did not stop there, still it grew and grew.

"Heavens!" thought he, "when will it have done growing!"

And well might he ask, for by this time it reached the ground as he sat on the grass, and thus it kept creeping on till he could not bear its weight, or raise himself up; and it seemed as if it would never end, for already it stretched its enormous length all through the wood.

Meantime his comrades were journeying on, till on a sudden one of them stumbled against something.

"What can that be?" said the other.

They looked, and could think of nothing that it was like but a nose.

"We will follow it and find its owner, however,' said they; so they traced it up till at last they found their poor comrade lying stretched along under the apple-tree. What was to be done? They tried to carry him, but in vain. They caught an ass that was passing by, and raised him upon its back; but it was soon tired of carrying such a load. So they sat down in despair, when up came the little man in the red jacket.

"Why, how now, friend?" said he, laughing; "well, I must find a cure for you, I see."

So he told them to gather a pear from a tree that grew close by, and the nose would come right again. No time was lost, and the nose was soon brought to its proper size, to the poor soldier's joy.

"I will do something more for you yet," said the little man; "take some of those pears and apples with you; whoever eats one of the apples will have his nose grow like yours just now; but if you give him a pear all will come right again. Go to the princess and get her to eat some of your apples; her nose will grow twenty times as long as yours did; then look sharp, and you will get what you want of her."

Then they thanked their old friend very heartily for all his kindness, and it was agreed that the poor

soldier who had already tried the power of the apple should undertake the task. So he dressed himself up as a gardener's boy, and went to the king's palace,

She began to wonder what ailed her nose.

and said he had apples to sell, such as were never seen there before. Every one that saw them was delighted and wanted to taste, but he said they were only for the princess; and she soon sent her maid to buy his

stock. They were so ripe and rosy that she soon began eating, and had already eaten three when she too began to wonder what ailed her nose, for it grew and grew, down to the ground, out at the window, and over the garden, nobody knows where.

Then the king made known to all his kingdom, that whoever would heal her of this dreadful disease should be richly rewarded. Many tried, but the princess got no relief. And now the old soldier dressed himself up very sprucely as a doctor, who said he could cure her; so he chopped up some of the apple, and to punish her a little more gave her a dose, saying he would call to-morrow and see her again. The morrow came, and of course, instead of being better, the nose had been growing fast all night, and the poor princess was in a dreadful fright. So the doctor chopped up a very little of the pear and gave her, and said he was sure that would do good, and he would call again the next day. Next day came and the nose was, to be sure, a little smaller, but yet it was bigger than it was when the doctor first began to meddle with it.

Then he thought to himself, "I must frighten this cunning princess a little more before I shall get what I want of her"; so he gave her another dose of the apple, and said he would call on the morrow. The morrow came, and the nose was ten times as bad as before.

"My good lady," said the doctor, "something works against my medicine, and is too strong for it;

but I know by the force of my art what it is; you have stolen goods about you, I am sure, and if you do not give them back, I can do nothing for you."

But the princess denied very stoutly that she had anything of the kind.

"Very well," said the doctor, "you may do as you please, but I am sure I am right, and you will die if you do not own it."

Then he went to the king, and told him how the matter stood.

"Daughter," said he, "send back the cloak, the purse, and the horn, that you stole from the right owners."

Then she ordered her maid to fetch all three, and gave them to the doctor, and begged him to give them back to the soldiers; and the moment he had them safe he gave her a whole pear to eat, and the nose came right. And as for the doctor, he put on the cloak, wished the king and all his court a good day, and was soon with his two brothers, who lived from that time happily at home in their palace, except when they took airings in their coach with the three dapple gray horses.

THE MAN OF IRON

ONCE upon a time there was a King who possessed a great wood which lay behind his castle, and wherein it was his pleasure to hunt. One day it happened that one of his huntsmen who had gone into this wood in the morning did not return as usual. The next day, therefore, the King despatched two others to seek him; but they likewise never reappeared; and so the King then ordered all his huntsmen to make themselves ready to scour the whole forest in search of their missing companions. But, after they had set out, not one of them ever returned again, nor even a single dog out of the whole pack that accompanied them. After this occurrence an edict was issued that nobody should venture into the forest; and from that day a profound stillness and deep solitude crept over the whole forest, and one saw nothing but owls or eagles which now and then flew out. This lasted a long time, till once came a strange Huntsman to the King, and, begging an audience, said he was ready to go into the dangerous forest. The King would not at first give his consent, saying, "I am afraid it will fare no better with you than with the others, and that you will never return"; but the Huntsman replied, "I will dare the danger, for I know nothing of fear."

Thereupon the Huntsman entered the forest with his dog, and in a few minutes the hound espying a wild animal on the road pursued it; but it had scarcely gone a couple of yards before it fell into a deep pool, out of which a naked arm stretched itself, and catching the dog drew it down beneath the water. As soon as the Huntsman saw this he went back and fetched three men who came with pails to bale out the water. When they came to the bottom they found a Wild Man, whose body was brown like rusty iron, and his hair hung over his face down to his knees. They bound him with cords and led him away to the King, who caused an immense iron cage to be fixed in the courtyard, and forbade any one on pain of death to open the door of the cage, of which the Queen had to keep the key in her charge. After this time anybody could go with safety into the forest.

Now, the King had a son eight years old, who was once playing in the courtyard, and during his play his ball accidentally rolled into the iron cage. He ran up to it and demanded his ball of the prisoner. "Not till you open my door," replied the Man. "No, that I cannot," said the Boy, "for my father the King has forbidden it"; and so saying he ran away. But the next morning he came again and demanded his golden ball. "Open my door," said the Wild Man; but the Boy refused. The third morning the King went out a hunting; and presently the Boy went again to the cage, and said, "Even if I would open the door,

I have not got the key to do it." "It lies under your mother's pillow," said the Wild Man, "and you can get it if you like." So the Boy, casting all other thoughts to the winds but his wish to have his ball, ran and fetched the key. The door swung heavily, and the boy jammed his finger; but soon it opened, and the Wild Man, giving him the golden ball, stepped out and hurried off. At this the Boy became alarmed, and cried, and called after the Man, "Wild Man, do not go away or I shall be beaten!" The Man turned round, and, raising the boy up, set him upon his shoulders and walked into the forest with hasty strides. As soon afterwards the King returned, he remarked the empty cage, and asked the Queen what had happened. She called her Boy, but no one answered, and the King sent out people over the fields to search for him, but they returned empty handed. Then he easily guessed what had really happened, and great grief was shown at the royal court.

Meanwhile, as soon as the Wild Man had reached his old haunts, he set the Boy down off his shoulders, and said to him, "Your father and mother you will never see again; but I will keep you with me, for you delivered me, and therefore I pity you. If you do all that I tell you, you will be well treated, for I have enough treasure and money; in fact, more than any one else in the world." That evening the Iron Man let the Boy sleep on some moss, and the next morning he took him to the pool, and said, "See you, this golden

water is bright and clear as crystal; hereby you must sit, and watch that nothing falls into it, or it will be dishonoured. Every evening I will come, and see if you have obeyed my commands." So the Boy sat down on the bank of the pool; but by-and-by, while he watched, such a sudden pain seized one of his fingers that he plunged it into the water to cool it. He quickly drew it out again; but lo! it was quite golden, and in spite of all his pains he could not rub off the gold again. In the evening came the Iron Man, and, after looking at the Boy, he asked, "What has happened to my pool?" "Nothing, nothing!" replied the Boy, holding his finger behind him, that it might not be seen. But the Man said, "You have dipped your finger into the water; this time, however, I will overlook it, only take care it does not happen again."

The next day the Boy resumed his post at the first daybreak; but in the course of a little while his finger ached again, and this time he put it to his head, and unluckily pulled off a hair which fell into the water. He took it out again very quickly, but it had changed into gold, and by-and-by the Iron Man returned, already conscious of what had occurred. "You have let a hair fall into the pool," he said to the boy; "but once more I will overlook your fault, only if it happens again the pool will be dishonoured, and you can remain with me no longer."

The Boy took his usual seat again on the third

morning, and did not once move his finger, in spite of the pain. The time, however, passed so slowly that he fell to looking at his face reflected in the mirror of the waters, and, while he bent down to do so, his long hair fell down from his shoulders into the pool. In a great hurry he raised his head again; but already his locks were turned to gold, and shone in the sun. You may imagine how frightened the poor Boy was! He took out his pocket-handkerchief and bound it round his head, so that no one might see his hair; but as soon as the Iron Man returned he said to him, "Untie your handkerchief!" for he knew what had happened. Then the golden hair fell down on the Boy's shoulders, and he tried to excuse himself, but in vain. "You have not stood the proof," said the Iron Man, "and must remain here no longer. Go forth into the world, and there you will see how poverty fares; but because your heart is innocent, and I mean well towards you, I will grant you this one favour—when you are in trouble come to this forest, call my name, and I will come out and help you. My power is great, and I have gold and silver in abundance."

So the young Prince had to leave the forest, and traveled over many rough and smooth roads till he came at length to a large town. There he sought work, but without success, for he had learnt nothing which was of use, and at last he went to the King's palace itself and inquired if they could take him in. The court servants were unaware of any vacancy which

he could fill, but because he seemed well favoured they allowed him to remain. Soon afterwards the Cook took him into his service, and told him he might fetch wood and water for the fire and sweep up the ashes. One day, however, as no one else was at hand, the Prince had to carry in a dish for the royal table, but, because he would not allow his golden hair to be seen, he entered the room with his cap on his head. "If you come to the royal table," exclaimed the King when he saw him, "you must pull off your cap!" "Ah! your majesty," replied the Prince, "I dare not, for I have a bad disease on my head." Thereupon the King ordered the Cook into his presence, and scolded him because he had taken such a youth into his service, and further commanded him to discharge him. But the Cook pitied the poor lad and changed him with the Gardener's Boy.

To bring her a nosegay of flowers.

Now, the Prince had to plant and sow, to dig and chop, in spite of all weathers, for he must bear the wind and rain. One day in summer, as he was working alone in the garden, he took off his cap to

cool his head in the breeze, and the sun shone so upon his hair that the golden locks glittered, and their brightness became reflected in the mirror in the chamber of the King's daughter. She jumped up to see what it was, and, perceiving the Gardener's Boy, called him, to bring her a nosegay of flowers. In a great hurry he put on his cap and plucked some wild flowers, which he arranged together. But, as he was going up the steps with them to the Princess, the Gardener met him, and said, "How can you take the Princess such a nosegay of bad flowers? go back and fetch the rarest and most beautiful." "Oh, no!" said the Boy, "the wild flowers bloom the longest and will please the best." So he went up to the chamber, and there the Princess said to him, "Take off your cap; it is not becoming of you to wear it here!"

The Boy, however, replied he dared not remove it, because his head was too ugly to look at, but she seized his cap and pulled it off, and his golden hair fell down over his shoulders, most beautiful to see. The Boy would have run away, but the Princess detained him and gave him a handful of ducats. Then he left her and took her money to the Gardener, whom he told to give it to his children to play with, for he despised money. The following day the Princess called him again to give her a bouquet of wild flowers, and when he entered with them she snatched again at his cap, but this time he held it fast with both hands, and would not let it go. She gave him still another

handful of ducats, but he would not keep them, but gave them to the Gardener's children for playthings. The third day it was just the same: the Princess could not get his cap and he would not keep her ducats.

Not long after these events the country was drawn into a war, and the King collected all his people, for he knew not whether he should be able to make a stand against the enemy, who was very powerful, and led an immense army. Amongst others, the Gardener's Boy asked for a horse, saying he was grown up and ready to take his part in the fight. The others, however, laughed at him, and said, "When we are gone we will leave behind a horse for you, but take care of yourself!" So, as soon as the rest had set out, the young Prince went into the stable, and found there a horse which was lame, and clicked its feet together. Nevertheless, he mounted it, and rode away to the gloomy forest; and as soon as he arrived there he called, "Iron Man, Iron Man!" in such a loud voice that the trees re-echoed it. Soon the wild man appeared, and asked, "What do you desire?" "I desire a strong horse, for I am going to battle," said the Youth. "That you shall have, and more than you desire," said the Iron Man; and, diving in among the trees, a page suddenly made his appearance, holding a horse so fiery and mettlesome that he was scarcely to be touched. Behind the steed followed a troop of warriors, all clad in iron, with swords which glittered in the sun. The Youth, thereupon, delivered up his three-legged

horse to the page, and, mounting the other, rode off at the head of his troop. Just as he reached the field of battle he found the greater part of the King's army already slain, and the rest were on the point of yielding. The Youth, therefore, charged at once with his iron troop, like a storm of hail, against the enemy, and they cut down all who opposed them. The enemy turned and fled, but the young Prince pursued and cut to pieces all the fugitives, so that not one man was left. Then, instead of leading his troop before the King, he rode back with them to the forest, and summoned the Iron Man. "What do you desire now?" he inquired.

"Take back all these soldiers and your steed, and restore me my three-legged horse." All this was done as he desired, and he rode home on his limping animal. When the King arrived afterwards, his Daughter greeted him, and congratulated him on his victory. "I do not deserve it," he said; "the victory was owing to a strange knight who came to our aid with his troop." His Daughter inquired then who he was; but the King told her he did not know, for he had pursued the enemy and had not returned again. The Princess afterwards inquired of the Gardener respecting his boy, and he laughed, and said he had just returned home on his three-legged steed; while the others had laughed at him, saying, "Here comes our Hop-a-da-hop!" They asked also behind what hedge he had hid himself, and he replied, "I have done the

best I could, and without me you would have fared badly." And for this speech the poor boy was still more mocked.

Some time after this the King said to his Daughter, "I will cause a great festival to be held, which shall last three days, and you shall throw a golden apple, for which perhaps the unknown knight will contend."

As soon as the proclamation was made, the young Prince went to the forest, and called for the Iron Man.

"What do you desire?" he asked. "That I may catch the golden apple!"

"It is all the same as if you had it now," said the Iron Man; "but you shall have a red suit of armour for the occasion, and ride there upon a proud fox-coloured horse."

When the appointed day came, the youth ranged himself along with the other knights, and was not recognised by any one. Presently the Princess stepped forward and threw up the golden apple, which nobody could catch but the Red Knight, who coursed away as soon as he obtained it. The second day the Iron Man dressed the youth as a White Knight, and gave him a gray horse; and again he caught the apple, and he alone. The King was angry when the Knight ran away with the prize, and said, "That is not right; he must appear before me and declare his name." Then he ordered, if the Knight who had caught the apple did not return the next day, some one should pursue him; and, if he would not return willingly,

cut him to pieces. The third day the Prince received from the Iron Man a black coat of armour and a black steed, and caught again the apple when it was thrown. When he rode away the King's people pursued him, and one came so near him that he wounded the Black Knight with the point of his sword. Still he escaped them; but his horse jumped so violently that the helmet fell off the Knight's head, and his golden hair was seen. The knights thereupon rode back and told the King.

The day following these sports the Princess inquired of the Gardener after his boy. "He is working in the garden," he replied; "the wonderful fellow has also been to the festival, and yesterday evening he returned home and gave my children three golden apples which he won there." When the King knew of this, he caused the Youth to be brought before him, and he appeared as usual with his cap on his head. But the Princess went up to him and took it off; and then his golden hair fell down over his shoulders, and he appeared so handsome that every one was astonished. "Are you the knight who appeared each day at the festival, and always in a different colour, and won the three golden apples?" asked the King. "Yes!" he replied, "and these are the apples"; and, so saying, he took them out of his pocket and handed them to the King. "If you desire any other proof," he continued, "I will show you the wound which your people gave me as I rode away; but I am also the

knight who won the victory for you over your enemy."

"If you can do such deeds," said the King, "you are no gardener's boy; tell me, who is your father?"

"My father is a mighty King, and of gold I have not only my desire, but more even than can be imagined," said the young Prince.

"I own," said the King, "that I am indebted to you; can I do anything to show it?"

"Yes, if you give me your daughter to wife!" replied the Youth. The Princess thereupon laughed, and said, "He makes no roundabout tale; but I saw long ago that he was no gardener's boy from his golden hair"; and with these words she went and kissed him.

By-and-by the wedding was celebrated, and to it came the Prince's father and mother, who had long ago given up their son for dead, and lost all hope of seeing him again.

While they sat at the bridal feast, all at once music was heard, and, the doors opening, a proud King entered, attended by a long train. He went up to the young Prince, and embraced him, and said, "I am the Iron Man, whom you saved from his wild nature; all the treasures which belong to me are henceforth your property!"

THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD

THERE was a poor Wood-cutter who lived with his Wife and three Daughters in a little hut on the edge of a large forest. One morning, when he went out to his usual work, he said to his wife, "Let my dinner be brought by our eldest Daughter, I shall not be ready to come home; and that she may not lose her way, I will take with me a bag of seeds and strew them on my path."

So when the sun was risen to the center of the heavens, the Maiden set out on her way carrying a jug of soup. But the field and wood sparrows, the larks, blackbirds, goldfinches, and greenfinches had many hours ago picked up the seeds, so that the Maiden could find no trace of the way. So she walked on, trusting to fortune, till the sun set and night came on. The trees soon began to rustle in the darkness, the owls to hoot, and the girl began to feel frightened. All at once she perceived a light shining at a distance among the trees. "People must dwell there," she thought, "who will keep me during the night"; and she walked towards the light. In a short time she came to a cottage where the windows were all lighted up, and when she knocked at the door a hoarse voice called from within, "Come in." The girl opened the door and perceived a hoary old man sitting at a table, with

his face buried in his hands, and his white beard flowing down over the table on to the ground. On the hearth lay three animals, a Hen, a Cock, and a brindled Cow. The girl told the Old Man her adventures, and begged for a night's lodging. The Man said:

"Pretty Hen, pretty Cock,
And pretty brindled Cow,
What have you to say to that?"

"Cluck!" said the animals; and as that meant they were satisfied, the Old Man said to the Maiden, "Here is abundance and to spare; go now into the kitchen and cook some supper for us."

The girl found plenty of everything in the kitchen, and cooked a good meal; but thought nothing about the animals. When she had finished, she carried a full dish into the room, and sitting down opposite the Old Man ate till she satisfied her hunger. When she had done, she said, "I am very tired, where is my bed, where I shall lie down and sleep?" The animals replied:

"You have eaten with him,
You have drunk too with him;
And yet you have not thought of us;
Still you may pass the night here!"

Thereupon the Old Man said, "Step down yon stair, and you will come to a room containing two beds, shake them up and cover them with white sheets, and then I will come and lie down to sleep myself." The maiden stepped down the stair, and, as soon as

she had shaken the beds up and covered them afresh, she laid herself down in one bed without waiting for the Old Man. But after some time the Old Man came, and after looking at the girl with the light, shook his head when he saw she was fast asleep; and then, opening a trap-door, dropped her down into the cellar below.

Late in the evening the Wood-cutter arrived at home, and scolded his Wife because she had let him hunger all day long. "It is not my fault," she replied; "the girl was sent out with your dinner; she must have lost her way; but to-morrow she will return, no doubt." At daybreak the Wood-cutter got up to go into the forest, and desired that the second Daughter should bring him his meal this time. "I will take a bag of peas," he said; "they are larger than corn-seed; and the girl will therefore see them better, and not lose my track." At noon-day, accordingly, the girl set out with her father's dinner; but the peas had all disappeared, for the wood-birds had picked them all up as they had on the day before, and not one was left. So the poor girl wandered about in the forest till it was quite dark, and then she also arrived at the Old Man's hut, was invited in, and begged food and a night's lodging. The Man of the white beard asked his animals again:

"Pretty Hen, pretty Cock,
And pretty brindled Cow,
What have you to say to that?"

They answered again, "Cluck!" and everything thereupon occurred the same as on the previous day. The girl cooked a good meal, ate and drank with the Old Man, but never once thought of the animals; and when she asked for her bed, they made answer:

'You have eaten with him,
You have drunk too with him;
And yet you have not thought of us;
Still you may pass the night here!"

As soon as she was gone to sleep the Old Man came, and after looking at her and shaking his head as before, dropped her into the cellar below.

Meanwhile the third morning arrived, and the Wood-cutter told his Wife to send their youngest child with his dinner; "For," said he, "she is always obedient and good; she will keep in the right path, and not run about like those idle hussies her sisters!"

But the Mother refused, and said, "Shall I lose my youngest child too?"

"Be not afraid of that," said her husband; "the girl will not miss her way, she is too steady and prudent; but for more precaution I will take beans to strew, they are larger still than peas, and will show her the way better."

But, by-and-by, when the girl went out with her basket on her arm, the wood-pigeons had eaten up all the beans; and she knew not which way to turn. She was full of trouble, and thought with grief, how her father would want his dinner, and how her dear

Mother would grieve when she did not return. At length, when it became quite dark, she also perceived the lighted cottage, and, entering it, begged very politely to be allowed to pass the night there. The Old Man asked the animals a third time in the same words:

"Pretty Hen, pretty Cock,
And pretty brindled Cow,
What have you to say to that?"

"Cluck, cluck!" said they. Thereupon the Maiden stepped up to the fire near which they lay, and fondled the pretty Hen and Cock, smoothing their plumage down with her hands, while she stroked the Cow between her horns. Afterwards, when she had got ready a good supper at the Old Man's request, and had placed the dishes on the table, she thought to herself, "I must not appease my hunger till I have fed these good creatures. There is an abundance in the kitchen, I will serve them first." Thus thinking she went and fetched some corn and strewed it before the fowls, and then she brought an armful of hay and gave it to the Cow. "Now eat away, you good creatures," said she to them, "and when you are thirsty you shall have a nice fresh draught." So saying, she brought in a pail full of water; and the Hen and Cock perched themselves on its edge, put their beaks in, and then threw their heads up as birds do when drinking; the Cow also took a hearty draught. When the animals were thus fed, the Maiden sat down at table with the Old Man and ate what was left for her. In a short

while the Hen and the Cock began to fold their wings over their heads, and the brindled Cow blinked with

"Now eat away, you good creatures."

both eyes. Then the Maiden asked, "Shall we not also take our rest?" The Old Man replied as before

"Pretty Hen, pretty Cock,
And pretty brindled Cow,
What have you to say to that?"

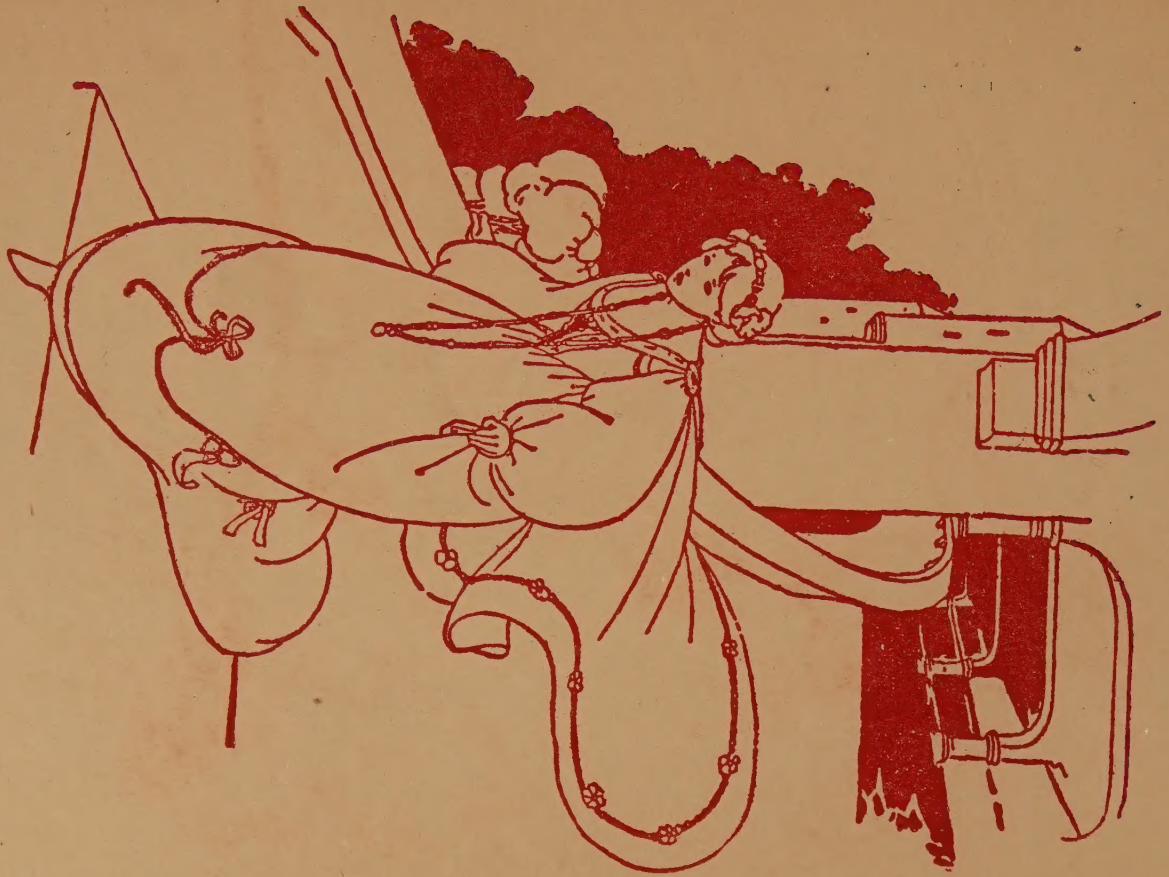
"Cluck, cluck!" replied the animals, meaning—

"You have eaten with us,
You have drunk too with us,
You have thought of us kindly too,
And we wish you a good night's rest."

So the Maiden went down the stairs, and shook up the feather-beds and laid on clean sheets, and when they were ready, the Old Man came and laid down in one, with his white beard stretching down to his feet. The girl then laid down in the other bed, first saying her prayers before she went to sleep.

She slept quietly till midnight, and at that hour there began such a tumult in the house that it awakened her. Presently it began to crack and rumble in every corner of the room, and the doors were slammed back against the wall, and then the beams groaned as if they were being riven away from their fastenings, and the stairs fell down, and at last it seemed as if the whole roof fell in. Soon after that all was quiet, but the Maiden took no harm, and went quietly off again to sleep. When, however, the bright light of the morning sun awoke her, what a sight met her eyes! She found herself lying in a large chamber, with everything around belonging to regal pomp. On the walls were represented gold flowers growing on a green silk ground; the bed was of ivory and the curtains of red velvet, and on a stool close by was placed a pair of slippers ornamented with pearls. The Maiden thought it was all a dream; but presently in came three ser-

vants dressed in rich liveries, who asked her what were her commands. "Leave me," replied the Maiden; "I will get up at once, and cook some breakfast for the Old Man, and also feed the pretty Hen, the pretty Cock, and the brindled Cow." She spoke thus because she thought the Old Man was already up, but when she looked round at his bed, she saw a stranger to her lying asleep in it. While she was looking at him, and saw that he was both young and handsome, he awoke, and starting up, said to the Maiden: "I am a King's son, who was long ago changed by a wicked old witch into the form of an Old Man, and condemned to live alone in the wood, with nobody to bear me company but my three servants in the form of a Hen, a Cock, and a brindled Cow. The enchantment was not to end until a Maiden should come so kind-hearted that she should behave as well to my animals as she did to me; and such a one you have been; and therefore we were saved through you, and the old wooden hut has again become my royal palace."

When he had thus spoken, the Prince told his three servants to fetch to the palace the Father and Mother of the Maiden, that they might witness her marriage.

"But where are my two Sisters?" she asked. "I have put them in the cellar," replied the Prince, "and there they must remain till to-morrow morning, when they shall be led into the forest and bound as servants to a collier, until they have reformed their tempers, and learnt not to let poor animals suffer hunger."